

THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE PRESIDENT FOR A SHIP SUBSIDY

ONE hundred years ago American shipping carried 91 per cent. of the export trade of the United States, where to-day it carries less than 9 per cent. During this period, while our population has increased from seven millions to nearly ninety millions, the total tonnage of American shipping has actually decreased. In the face of such facts as these President Taft thinks that the country is ready to make the experiment of a ship subsidy as a means of rescuing our merchant marine from conditions "humiliating to our national pride and most burdensome to us in competition with other nations in obtaining international trade." "There is no subject to which Congress can better devote its attention in the coming session," says the President in his Seattle address, "than the passage of a bill which shall encourage our merchant marine in such a way as to establish American lines directly between New York and other Eastern ports and South American ports, and between our Pacific-Coast ports and the Orient and the Philippines." While this suggestion draws from the *Louisville Courier-Journal* (Dem.) an editorial headed "The President Advocates Piracy," it is hailed by the *Denver Republican* (Rep.) as "the greatest original constructive work which President Taft has thus far advocated." The press as a whole seem inclined to admit the desirability of restoring the American merchant marine—which according to ex-Congressman Charles B. Landis now consists of only ten ships—but there is sharp division of opinion on the value and justification of a subsidy as a means to this end. Nevertheless, as the *Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin* (Rep.) points out, each time that ship-subsidy bills have been brought before Congress since the defeat of the Hanna-Frye Bill, they have come nearer and nearer to enactment. In his frank plea for subvention the President dwells not only upon the need of government aid to enable our ships to compete for trade on even terms with their foreign rivals, but upon the anomalous position of our Navy, which, owing to the absence of a native merchant marine, would find itself practically without colliers in time of war. To quote in part:

"We maintain a protective tariff to encourage our manufacturing, farming, and mining industries at home within our jurisdiction, but when we assume to enter into competition upon the high seas in trade between international ports, our jurisdiction to control that trade as far as the vessels of other nations are concerned, of course, ceases, and the question we have to meet is how, with the greater wages that we pay, with the more stringent laws that we enact for the protection of our sailors, and with the protective system making a difference in the price between the necessities to be used in the maintenance of a merchant marine, we shall enable

that merchant marine to compete with the marine of the rest of the world.

"This is not the only discussion, either, for it will be found on examination of the methods pursued in old countries with respect to their merchant marine that there is now extended by way of subsidies by the various governments to their respective ships upward of \$35,000,000, and this offers another means by which, in the competition, the American merchant ship is driven out of business and finds itself utterly unable to bid against its foreign competitors. . . .

"We earn a profit from our foreign mails of from \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000 a year. The application of that amount would be quite sufficient to put on a satisfactory basis two or three Oriental lines and several lines from the East to South America. Of course, we are familiar with the argument that this would be contributing to private companies out of the Treasury fund of the United States; but we are thus contributing in various ways on similar principles in effect by our protective Tariff Law, by our River and Harbor Bills, and by our reclamation service. We are putting money into the pockets of ship-owners, but we are giving them money with which they can compete for a reasonable profit only with the merchant marine of the world.

"From my observations I think the country is ready now to try such a law and to witness its effects upon the foreign trade of the United States. If it is successful, experience will show how the policy can best be expanded and enlarged, and the American commercial flag be made to wave upon the seas as it did before our Civil War. It is true that our foreign trade is great and increasing without the merchant marine. But a merchant marine would much enhance the opportunities for extending trade."

Of our danger in case of war he says:

"So inadequate is the American merchant marine to-day that in selecting auxiliary ships with which to make our Navy an instrument of offense or defense, or, indeed, in sending it around the world as a fleet, we have to call on vessels sailing under a foreign flag to carry the coal and to supply the other needs of such a journey. Were we compelled to go into a war to-day our merchant marine lacks altogether a sufficient tonnage of auxiliary unarmed ships absolutely necessary to the proper operation of the Navy, and were war to come on we should have to purchase such vessels from foreign countries, and this might under the laws governing neutrals be most difficult."

Mr. Landis, whom we have already quoted, puts the matter more brutally when he says that without colliers which would be available in time of war, our Navy is "a bluff." It is at present, he says, "much like an automobile without gasoline." According to the same authority, as quoted in the *New York American*, "we will have spent \$500,000,000 in the construction of the Panama Canal by the time that work is completed, and when it is finished we will not have a single ship flying the American flag engaged in

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over-the-seas commerce to pass through it." A telegraphic poll of Representatives and Senators by *The American* shows Congress to be very evenly divided on the subsidy question. Opposition comes generally from far inland States, and from the South, while



TAFT TO THE RESCUE.

—Gregg in the *New York American*.

most of the men representing Pacific and North Atlantic States seem to share the President's view of the situation. Among the papers which fall in line behind the President on this issue are *The Iron Trade Review* (Trade), of Cleveland, *The Leader* (Rep.), of the same city, the *Philadelphia Press* (Rep.) and *Inquirer* (Rep.), the *Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph* (Rep.), the *New York American* (Ind.), the *New York Mail* (Rep.), the *Kansas City Journal* (Rep.), the *Denver Republican* (Rep.), the *San Francisco Chronicle* (Ind.) and *Call* (Rep.), the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* (Rep.), and the *Salt Lake Tribune* (Ind. Rep.). Congress has been exceedingly diffident in regard to this great subject, says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:

"It has witnessed the payment of two or three hundred million dollars annually to foreign vessels for carrying our exports and imports and passengers, but the fact has not impressed it to the extent of enacting positive legislation. But the time is coming, and it can not be far away, when this matter will be forced to a successful issue.

"For if business does not appeal to Congress, patriotism must. To-day, while we have and are building battle-ships, the Navy is practically useless except as a coast defense because it is impossible to procure vessels that could be used for colliers in case of war. The only way to secure these supply ships is to encourage American steamship lines—the construction of vessels that the Government could take when needed."

National pride will prove the principal factor in winning the subsidy fight, thinks the *Cleveland Leader*. To quote:

"Ships carry the flag of their country where it is otherwise never seen. They embody such an effect of life and adventure, such beauty and power and charm, that they represent, in an extraordinary degree, the idea of nationality, the thought of a country's independent existence, its glory and its expansion, actual and potential. For that reason the Americans who live farthest from the ocean coasts, and are least directly interested in anything pertaining to shipping, do not like to read that the flag of their country is hardly ever seen on many highways of international trade where the colors of England, Germany, France, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Japan, Holland, and Spain are familiar. All over the country, the pride in the flag which is a part of healthy patriotism breeds deep interest in the restoration of the Stars and Stripes to the position which all the world recognized, half a century ago."

It is only a question of being fair to our own ships, according to the *New York Evening Mail*, which says:

"Those who object on principle, or rather from force of an ancient and bad habit, to giving any national aid to American shipping might look at things in a more auspicious light if they realized that the proposition now before the American people is merely one to adjust payments for carrying the mails so as to treat our ships, which compete with those of other nations, about half as well as we treat the railroads, which are under no pressure of foreign competition.

"On our general mail service we lose from ten to twenty millions a year. Much of this is chargeable to rural free delivery, and yet there is reason to believe that the railroads are paid millions more than they should be, as mail-carriers. On our ocean mail service we are less liberal. There is no deficit, but, on the contrary, there is an annual surplus, as Mr. Taft pointed out in his Seattle speech, of from six to eight million dollars a year. We lose money on our domestic mails, while we drive so hard a bargain with American ship-owners that this service, not content with being self-supporting, helps to make good the general deficits. In a sense, we burden our moribund shipping in order to help along our prosperous and powerful railways.

"What the President would have the American people do, and will urge on Congress when it meets in December, is to play fair with our merchant marine, and not try to wring profits from its necessities, not backfire it when it is meeting the competition of nations that stand loyally behind their ships of peace."

Turning to the other side of the argument, "while the Democrats of the House are a unit in opposition to ship subsidy in all its forms," says the *Philadelphia Record* (Ind. Dem.), "the Republicans of the Middle West are more hostile to it than ever." Among the newspaper opponents of subvention we find the *Houston Chronicle* (Dem.), the *New Orleans Picayune* (Dem.), the *Knoxville Sentinel* (Dem.), the *Florida Times-Union* (Dem.), the *Denver News* (Ind.), the *Springfield Republican* (Ind.), the *New York Journal of Commerce* (Com.), and the *Boston Traveler*

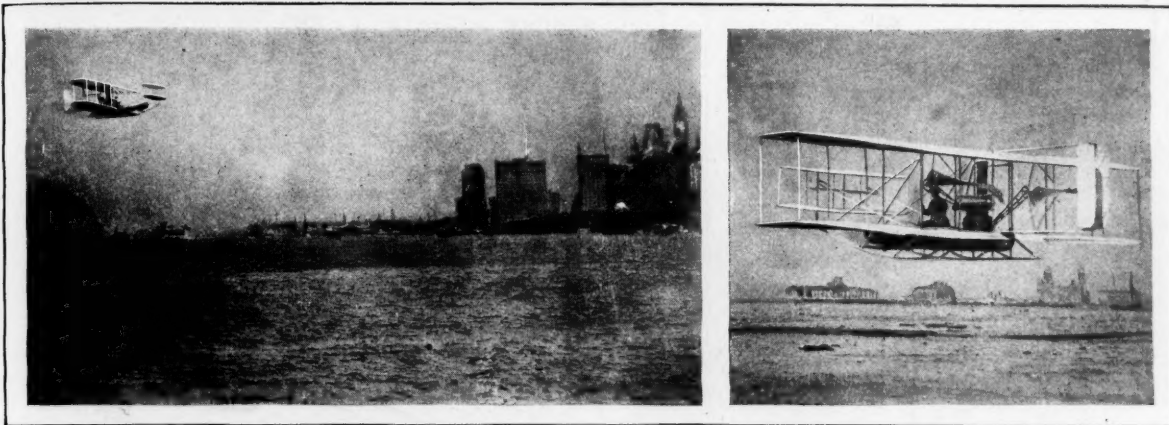


ONE REASON WHY.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson says the Western farmers have entered upon a new era of prosperity.

Rouse in the *Grand Rapids Evening Press*.

(Ind.). The *Florida Times-Union* describes a ship subsidy as "the only outrage the Republicans have not yet dared to perpetrate." "If it were pretended that subsidies would reduce freight rates, the benefits to American commerce would be conceivable," remarks *The Journal of Commerce*, which adds: "But the subsidy



Photographs by Brown Bros.

OVER NEW YORK HARBOR.

These photographs show the canoe which Mr. Wright carried with him during his remarkable flight up the Hudson. On this occasion he flew from Governor's Island to Grant's tomb and back, a distance of nineteen miles.

THE START AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

WILBUR WRIGHT IN THE TRACKS OF HUDSON AND FULTON.

is exclusively for the owners; it is avowedly designed solely to make up to them the amount they would lose in the business if unaided." The *Springfield Republican* thinks we can never get to the bottom of the problem of the disappearance of American shipping in the oversea trade until we approach it from the tariff side. To quote:

"Through the tariff the costs of building ships in the United States have been raised 25 per cent. or more above the costs to England. And our extreme tariff policy was intended to have, and inevitably must have, effect in turning national attention from the exterior to the interior trade; and in making this a less advantageous market to buy manufactured commodities in than the South American countries can find in Europe. So Brazil sells its coffee here and expends the proceeds in Europe; and so Argentina sends its wool past our high-taxed market to the free European markets and expends the proceeds there. Will the creation of steamship lines to those Southern countries by subsidy suffice alone to turn the currents of their trade?"

If it is the capture of foreign trade, and not plunder, that the Republican party desires, says the *Florida Times-Union* (Dem.), it can easily get what it wants. Thus:

"Let it give American shipbuilders free raw material so that they will be able to build ships as economically as they can be built elsewhere. Then let it give the American people the privilege of buying their ships where they can buy them cheapest, and the flag will be seen everywhere once more. Free material for shipbuilding and free ships will do the work, and the people will be given relief from unjust taxation instead of having their taxes increased."

And the New Orleans *Picayune* (Dem.), viewing the matter in the same light, remarks:

"Until Congress is prepared to adopt the only sensible and reasonable method of rehabilitating our merchant marine, by removing all restrictions as to the ownership and operation of ships, it is useless to talk about reviving our merchant marine. The payment of subsidies would be like pouring water into a sieve for all the actual good it would do to the merchant marine, except a few favored lines."

"That we ought to have a respectable fleet of merchantmen, and that we need auxiliary ships to complete the efficacy of the Navy, nobody denies," remarks the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, which adds that the means proposed, and not the end sought, is open to criticism. In a tone of cynical resignation the same paper continues:

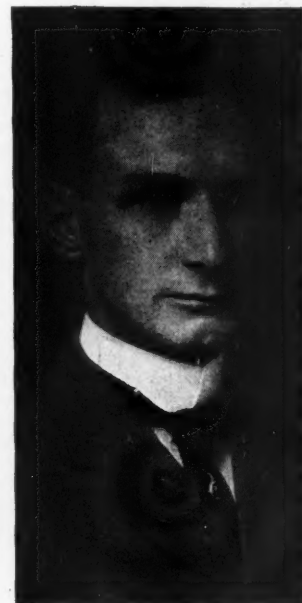
"If we are to have a ship-subsidy law—and apparently we are—let there be no misunderstanding about it. It will be merely another form of legalized graft added to the graft provided for

various enterprises on land. A ship-subsidy law might or might not result in the upgrowth of an ample merchant marine. Presumably it would so result if it should provide a sufficiently large amount of loot. One result would be assured. It would make our system of graft amphibious. It would restore piracy, the successors of Captain Kidd, with gentlemanly buccaneers sitting comfortably at roller-top desks taking tribute."

CANNONISM AND TAMMANY

AN alleged triangular deal between Speaker Cannon, Tammany Hall, and certain Republican leaders in the New York legislature took the center of the stage last week as the leading political sensation, under the stage management of Mr. Herbert Parsons, the chairman of the Republican Committee of New York County. The scandal involved affects the integrity of the ballot in New York, charges a secret understanding or alliance between Tammany and certain up-State Republican leaders, and threatens to embroil the national Republican party in more internecine warfare. Mr. Parsons introduced his sensation casually, while discussing with the newspaper representatives his party's plans to prevent corrupt practices at the coming municipal election. He said:

"We know that Tammany Hall is planning frauds. In the last session of the legislature we sought legislation to perfect the signature and other registration laws. It was defeated through a combination of Tammany men with some up-State Republicans. We discovered that it was part of the deal entered into to get support from Tammany for Speaker Cannon and his rules in the House of Representatives.



Photograph by Pach Bros., New York.

HERBERT PARSONS,

A Republican leader who has brought consternation into the ranks of his own party by charging a defensive alliance between Speaker Cannon and Tammany Hall.

Journal (Ind.), constitutes "one of the most serious charges recently made in American public life."

One effect of Mr. Parsons's charges, thinks the *Hartford Times* (Ind. Dem.), will be greatly to increase the chances of the election of an opposition majority in the new House of Representatives. To quote further:

"It will also tend to prevent effective support of Mr. Taft's numerous legislative projects by the present Congress. All this may result in creating a situation which will be favorable to the renomination of Mr. Roosevelt in 1912, and there are many who think this the real purpose of the agitation which Parsons has started."

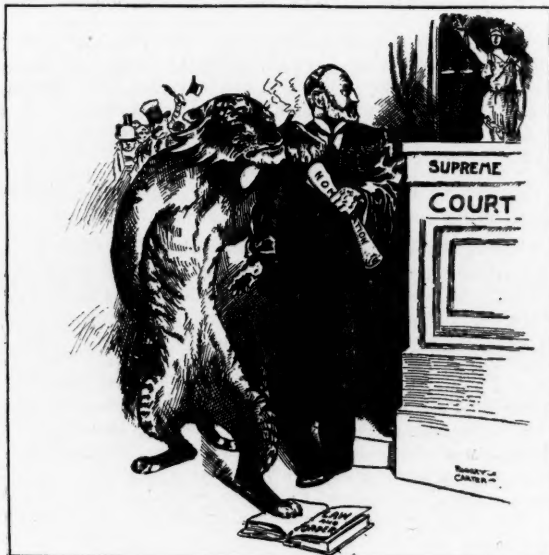
Says the *Baltimore News* (Ind.):

"Mr. Parsons's declaration in New York, of course, means that the fight against Cannonism will be renewed with greater vigor than ever before the coming session. The East, at last, is enlisted. It has been a fight, till now, of the vigorous independent Republicans of the Middle West. The addition of Fowler, of New Jersey, and Parsons, of New York, to the ranks of opposition means a vast deal. It surely foreshadows the near end of Cannon control in the House. It is as certain as anything of the future can be that the next Speaker of the House will be Champ Clark, or else a Republican other than Cannon. The real danger now is that the Cannon machine may be able to take up some new man and by another alliance with the worst forces of Democracy foist upon the House a Speaker who will rule it under the old rules and for the same interests that have dominated during the unsavory period of Cannonism."

If Speaker Cannon secures his power by a Tammany alliance, remarks the *Buffalo Express* (Rep.), "it is as dangerous a power as that of Tammany itself."

MR. HEARST'S BOMBSHELL

MR. HEARST'S sudden decision to accept an independent nomination for Mayor on a ticket comprizing all the fusion nominees except Mr. Bannard seems to have had much the effect of a bombshell explosion in the Tammany camp. "As a diversion



HIS LAST DECISION.

—Carter in the *New York American*.

on the enemy's flank it is to be welcomed," says the conservative *New York Evening Post*, which admits that the event "puts high hopes of success into the breasts of all who would end Tammany's abominable misrule." Altho Senator McCarren, the

Brooklyn "boss," is quoted as saying that Mr. Hearst "has shot his bolt," and that his candidacy will make nothing more than a three days' ripple in the campaign, a *Post* representative reports Tammany Hall in a state of desperate depression. We read:

"Already Tammany, in the rank and file, was suspicious of



MILKING THE MUNICIPAL COW.

This model of a cow forms the principal feature of "Tammany's Chamber of Horrors," an exhibit of anti-Tammany cartoons and statistics which is playing a prominent part in the New York campaign.

McCarren, whom it had so often and so arrogantly voted down in conventions, and resentful at Murphy and Cohalan and the other advisers whom it held responsible for foisting Gaynor upon the ticket. To-day the only way it knows to meet the situation is a resort to the old criminal expedients of colonizing, repeating, intimidation, bribery, and outrage which have made the machine what it is.

"It was the gloom of desperate men, resolved on desperate measures, that was hovering about Tammany Hall. There is no doubt every radical measure will be adopted for the election. Undoubtedly every lodging-house below Fourteenth Street is packed two to a bed with hired voters, imported from the under-worlds of Philadelphia, Newark, Jersey City, Baltimore, and other cities of the East. These men came quietly and unnoticed into the city, with the Hudson-Fulton crowds, but they came to stay until they had 'delivered the goods'—their votes."

In spite of the fact that Mr. Hearst had very definitely and emphatically stated that he would not be a candidate, he was nominated last week by a mass-meeting of independent voters, and after several days of hesitation agreed to accept on one condition—namely, "that the opposition to Tammany Hall shall be united and not divided." On this point he said, in part, to the committee that waited upon him for his decision:

"If we were to place a straight ticket in the field, and the Fusion party shall have their ticket in the field, and Tammany Hall shall have its ticket in the field, then the opposition to Tammany Hall would be divided and Tammany's disgraceful ticket might be fastened like a cancerous growth upon the body politic for another four years.

"I know that my personal chances of election would be better on a straight independent ticket. But I am not considering merely my personal chances of election.

"What could I accomplish as Mayor surrounded by a Tammany Hall administration, and hampered in every move by a Tammany Board of Estimate? What could any man accomplish under such conditions?

"I have been able as a private citizen to secure 80-cent gas for the people of this city and to obtain for them a reasonable number of other benefits. I certainly would not desire to occupy the office of Mayor and to assume its arduous duties except for the opportunities that would be afforded me in that powerful position to secure many more such substantial advantages for the citizens.

"I would not consent to be Mayor unless I could carry with me

from that office a record of achievement of which I would be proud and of which you would be proud. And I will not consent to run for Mayor except under conditions which will make that record of achievement possible.

"The fusion ticket lately nominated behind Mr. Bannard and in opposition to Tammany Hall is composed mainly of gentlemen who are at once honest, independent, and progressive. These gentlemen have for the most part freely and fearlessly expressed their independent views and declared their progressive opinions. I make exception of Mr. Bannard because he has to date expressed



Courtesy of "Everybody's Magazine."

JUDGE LINDSEY HEARING THE "KIDS" SIDE OF THE CASE.

nothing and declared nothing, either from unwillingness to talk or from inability to think. I can not support Mr. Bannard, but I can and will, whether I am a candidate or not, support the rest of the fusion ticket nominated in opposition to Tammany Hall. . . .

"The candidates nominated on the fusion ticket are worthy of support. The ticket is already in the field. If we nominate another ticket, both tickets may be defeated. If we nominate the fusion ticket, Tammany will be defeated. And if Tammany is defeated, the citizens win, no matter whether Mr. Gaynor is elected or Mr. Bannard is elected, or I am elected."

The New York *Telegraph*, a Tammany organ, ridicules Mr. Hearst's nomination on the ground that it was the work of "a crowd of the discontented who are never satisfied with anything." Enlarging upon this idea it continues:

"A convention of the dissatisfied is composed generally of men who vainly have sought office like Mr. Hearst himself. Also in such a convention are to be found men who have no regular employment, non-union rats, lawyers without cases, dipsomaniacs, and frenzied ones who always wish to make a speech and who have what they call 'views' on everything under the sun.

"These Holy Rollers and Mahatmas of the body politic never agree with any one; they would not be what they are if they were allied to a regular political organization and associated with their safe and sane Democratic and Republican neighbors. Neither would they attract the attention which they must have to be happy."

Says the New York *World* (Ind. Dem.):

"Four years ago Mr. Hearst polled 224,000 votes on an independent ticket. If there are 224,000 or 24,000 or 4,000 citizens who want to vote for him this year, they have that right.

"While it is true that a third ticket splits up the vote and complicates the issue, it likewise adds to the educational element of the campaign. With three candidates there is less chance of a walk-over and the greater certainty of a full discussion of the real issue."

Apart from Judge Gaynor, says Mr. Hearst, the Tammany ticket this year represents "the most atrocious array of soiled and damaged political rags and remnants that have ever been exposed for sale upon the bargain-counters of Tammany Hall."

JUDGE LINDSEY VS. "THE BEAST"

THAT insidious menace to our free institutions commonly known as "the machine" or "the system" is now visualized to our imaginations by Judge Ben B. Lindsey as a great beast, furtive and sinister, dominating the jungle of American politics. Altho to the general public the name of Judge Lindsey is chiefly associated with his work in establishing the famous Juvenile Court of Denver, it seems that this court is only an incident, a small detail, in the amazing career of a man whose life has been dedicated, almost without conscious or deliberate choice upon his part, to fighting those conditions of political corruption which "threaten to make the American democracy a failure in government and a farce in the eyes of the world." As we read his autobiography we feel the stealthy shadow of "The Beast" gliding from page to page. Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins, who edited the Judge's manuscript for *Everybody's Magazine* where it is now appearing, explains that while the fight described has its setting in Denver, in essentials the story would be equally true of "any other American city in which a Lindsey might appear." In the course of his foreword Mr. O'Higgins says:

"It is a fight that has carried him into politics to find both political parties against him. It has been carried on without the consistent support of any newspaper, and with now one, now the other, and at times all the party organs in Denver cartooning and attacking him. The thieves, the gamblers, the saloon-keepers, and the prostitutes have been cheered on against him. There have been times when even the churches have been afraid to aid him. Men of wealth—the heads of street railways, the telephone company, the gas and electric company, the water company, and most of the other Denver corporations and combinations of finance—have made it their particular ambition and personal aim to beat him down and crush him out of public life. . . .

"He has been offered bribes that might buy a millionaire. He has been promised a career in politics, a fortune in law. He has been given the hope of worldly preferments that might seduce the highest ambition.

"When these have failed to win him, he has been threatened with all the punishments that the most unscrupulous power and bitterness hate could conceive. To destroy his reputation, false affidavits have been sworn out by fallen women accusing him of the lowest forms of vice. Attempts have been made to lure him to houses of ill-repute where men were lying in wait to expose him. The vilest stories about him have been circulated in venomous whispers from man to man and woman to woman. Friends have been frightened or bought or driven from him. His life has been threatened. Special laws have been introduced at the State Capitol against him!"

The Judge's own foreword to his story, from which we hope to quote further as it appears, is as follows:

"Among the picture puzzles of your childhood there was one that showed a forest of entangled branches, tree trunks, fallen timber, and dense underbrush; and the problem was, in that bewildering jumble of lines, to 'find the cat.' You traced the outline of a tail among the branches; you spied a paw in the crook of a tree limb; you picked out the barrel of the animal's body in the bark of a trunk; an ear pricked up from the underbrush; an eye stared from the bole of a fallen tree. And when, turning the picture on its side, you gathered those clues together in your eye, suddenly you saw—not the house cat you had expected, but the great 'cat' of the jungle, crouching there with such a threatening show of teeth that it almost frightened you into dropping the card.

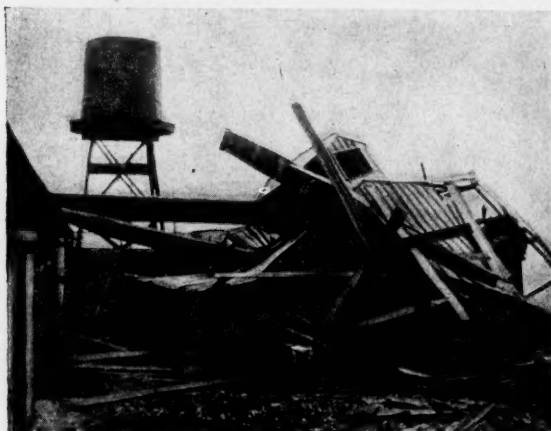
"Well, there is hidden in our complicated American civilization just such a beast of the jungle. It is not a picture in a picture puzzle. It is a fact in a fact puzzle. There is no man among us, in any sort of public business or profession, who has not seen its tail or its paw concealed among the upper branches, or its eyes and ears watching and listening in the lowest underbrush and fallen timber of our life. It is there—waiting. To some it has appeared to be a house cat merely; and it has purred to them very soothingly, no doubt. But some have come upon its claws, and they have been rather more than scratched. And others have found its teeth, and they have been bitten—bitten to the soul. A few who



GIANT OAKS TORN UP BY THE ROOTS AT BAY ST. LOUIS.



DESTRUCTION NEAR THE BILOXI LIGHT HOUSE.



WRECK OF THE PEERLESS CANNING FACTORY, BAY ST. LOUIS.



BOATS CARRIED INLAND AT LONG BEACH, MISSISSIPPI.

The hurricane which struck the Gulf Coast on September 20 swept a path 400 miles wide at a velocity of from sixty to ninety miles an hour. It is credited with about a dozen deaths and the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property—buildings, crops, and standing timber.

IN THE PATH OF THE HURRICANE IN MISSISSIPPI.

have watched it and stalked it carefully know that it is, at the last, very like the dragon in the old fable of Greece, to whom some of the people were daily sacrificed; for it lives upon us. Yes, it lives upon us—upon the best of us as well as the worst—and the daughters of the poor are fed to it no less than the sons of the rich. If you save your life from it, it is at the price of your liberty, of your humanity, of your faith with your fellows, whom you must hand over to it, helpless. And if you attack it—!"

THE SOUTH AWED BY WHITE RUFFIANS

THE lynching of negroes for any or no crime by bands of irresponsible white rowdies has reached a point where the more thoughtful Southern papers are asking if it is not time to call a halt. The law-abiding majority have tolerated this form of rough vengeance for crime until they are virtually overawed by the white ruffians, who seem to think they have free license to kill any one with a black skin. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* asserts that it must be recognized as a fact that crimes "punishable by death without trial if the accused is black" are winked at if he is "white and prominent." The Vicksburg *Herald* tells of a negro who was "hanged from a tree by the roadside near his home and his body riddled with bullets," "because he brought suit against a white resident of that community who killed a cow belonging to the negro," and of the lynching of another "in whose house an escaped chain-gang hand was run down and shot to death," tho the owner was not present at the shooting and tho there was no evidence "that he knew he was harboring a criminal." In view of such outrages as these *The Herald* pointedly asks whether the

fact of the existence of "a bad white man" has not been too much overlooked, and goes on to say:

"Are there not in these wanton, wicked murders of defenseless victims the germs of grievances that are not 'supposed'—grievances that may not unnaturally be traced to retaliatory bloodshed? Need we seek further for a fertilizer which has produced so lush a growth of bad niggers, and bad nigger crimes? But this is not the whole, nor the worst, of the evil. Out of our color line and the imperative demand for its maintenance, there has grown up a tolerance for—the virtual surrender of the majority of justice-loving, fair-dealing, citizens to—a mob minority that stands ready at all times to use the color line as a cover for the base and savage murder thirst. It is this triumph of the brutish and cowardly mob element that tinges the future with despair.

"What, it may well be asked by men of character and conscience, will be thought of us abroad, what will we think of ourselves, and above all what will be the effect upon our white youth, if there be no check upon the lynching mania? It has come to that pass where a score of lawless, irresponsible men, made brave by night—that mantle of evil deeds—string up a defenseless negro for cause that no stretch of mob code would justify; and with impunity, tho the act revolts all moral sense. . . .

"Negro political and social inferiority, the fact of white supremacy in our electorate and its government, is a long and a thoroughly established fact. It is now disputed by no one—in effect it is recognized from the President down. The living, supreme question is to operate white government so that it will secure to all protection from the midnight mob—to save society from the white scum who defile it. Unless this is done those of us who rescued the State from negroism, stand mocked by the fruits of the white supremacy we achieved. If the South would live true to her past, keep faith with a noble ancestry who scorned to do mean and base things to the defenseless, if her people would

square their records with the eternal verities of truth and justice, they will stand up against the ruffianly spirit that shelters blood-thirst behind the color line."

LABOR NOT HOSTILE TO PROHIBITION

BECAUSE here and there a labor paper has entered the field in active opposition to the prohibition movement and in defense of "personal liberty" the liquor interests have been in the habit of claiming organized labor as an ally. Now *The Coast Seamen's Journal* (Lab.), of San Francisco, denounces this claim as an attempt to mislead the public. While admitting that among those elements of labor directly affected by the "dry wave"—as in the case of certain crafts which find employment in connection with the liquor business—there is some natural antagonism toward the prohibition movement, *The Journal* asserts that "this attitude is resented by the straightforward labor press." In support of this assertion it quotes two leading labor organs, *The Union Labor Advocate* (Chicago) and *The United Mine Workers' Journal* (Indianapolis). Says *The Advocate*:

"The remarkable impetus received by the prohibition movement in the past two years has brought out many problems. One of these is the attitude of labor organizations. Inviting every individual who labors to join in uplifting toil and diminishing the amount of human misery, organized labor draws into its ranks men who are engaged in the liquor traffic in various ways. These are naturally alarmed at the prospect that their occupation may be taken from them and they be forced into the ranks of the unemployed. In the hope of stemming the tide some have endeavored to array organized labor against the prohibition movement. So

far, however, they have had little success. The liquor question has many angles. There is the argument that law is brought into contempt whenever it interferes with the liberty of a citizen; but the definition of liberty is not easily agreed upon. There is the lamentable fact that a percentage of the people would be killed by the speedy and thorough withdrawal of stimulants which alone keep them alive. There is also the indisputable truth that those thrown out of employment may find it exceedingly difficult to obtain work by which they may earn a livelihood. But against these is the record of long years of suffering of liquor victims and their families, who are powerless to prevent or cure the disease—for it is a very serious disease that drags down morally as well as physically. Where lies the greatest good? Does not the correct answer to this clearly point the only course to pursue?"

The United Mine Workers' Journal, moved by another labor paper's criticisms of a labor-leader for attacking the liquor traffic, says in part:

"We are not a temperance advocate by any means, but object to the labor movement being tied to the tail of the brewers' kite or forming any entangling alliance with the liquor traffic. Let the brewers stand alone, and advocate their own cause. They are able to do it and have the means without prostituting the noble and holy cause of labor to their purposes. We must steer labor's bark as far away from the saloon as possible, not draw it closer. Labor uplifts; liquor keeps us down. We want to get up. 'See.'"

Says *The Coast Seamen's Journal* in conclusion:

"*The Journal* sympathizes with those crafts whose employment is endangered by the abolition of the liquor traffic, but it can not permit its feelings in that regard to overcome its judgment upon the main issue. Certainly it can not permit an incidental injury to the workers in these crafts to lead it into the error of compromising the whole labor movement upon a question of the most vital importance to mankind at large."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

FUSION in New York politics seems to mean confusion.—*Providence Journal*.

FORTUNATELY future explorers will have cartoons of the North Pole by which to recognize it.—*Indianapolis Star*.

UPON the advice of friends, Mr. Peary has decided to do less talking until he has something more to say.—*Toledo Blade*.

STEALING surreptitiously off after the Pole, à la Cook, is a charge that can never be laid at the door of Walter Wellman.—*Indianapolis Star*.

WHY was the Tammany Tiger omitted from the New York historical pageant?—*Savannah News*.

SOCIETY for Psychical Research asks for \$1,000,000. Is the ghost about to walk?—*Cleveland Leader*.

ANYHOW, the tariff can't be blamed for the kind of hats women insist on wearing.—*Indianapolis News*.

AN Atlantic City man is killed while trying to save a dog. We refer the warning to Judge Gaynor.—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

DR. COOK is a Democrat, so he is not apt to have the North Pole post-mastership thrust upon him as an Administration reward of merit.

IF calm weather is wanted for air-ship flights it might be arranged to have them take place during an international yacht race.—*New York World*.

CONGRESS, with its experience with the *Congressional Record*, ought to be able to make the District of Columbia dry with little trouble.—*Baltimore News*.

THE fact that the brick thrown at Premier Asquith at Glasgow missed him by about thirty feet casts dark suspicion on the suffragettes.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

THAT chain of hospitals twenty miles apart which Mrs. Belmont plans for Long Island will be handy for automobilists and their victims.—*New York World*.

AS if the prospect of settlement were not already remote enough, it is hinted that Messrs. Peary and Cook may carry their dispute to the courts.—*Washington Herald*.

HALLEY's comet has hove in sight 113 days before schedule time. Probably it feared that some rival comet might show up and claim the honors.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

THE convicts at Sing Sing were lined up to see the naval parade go by. They are among those comparatively few New Yorkers who did not have to pay for seats.—*New York World*.

VISITORS to the city are respectfully requested not to mistake the Chambers Street and Belt Line horse cars for relics of Fulton's time and carry them off as souvenirs.—*New York World*.

SECRETARY BALLINGER has been so thoroughly whitewashed by President Taft that he looks like a spotless tombstone erected over the Conservation Congress.—*Nashville Tennessean*.

PERHAPS Mr. Roosevelt's failure to take a hand in the North Pole row was the circumstance that made those "Holy Rollers" so sure the world was coming to an end last week.—*Washington Herald*.

THE names of some of England's biggest battle-ships are *Indomitable*, *Indefatigable* and *Inflexible*. A good many of the English people think the next big one ought to be named the *Insupportable*.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



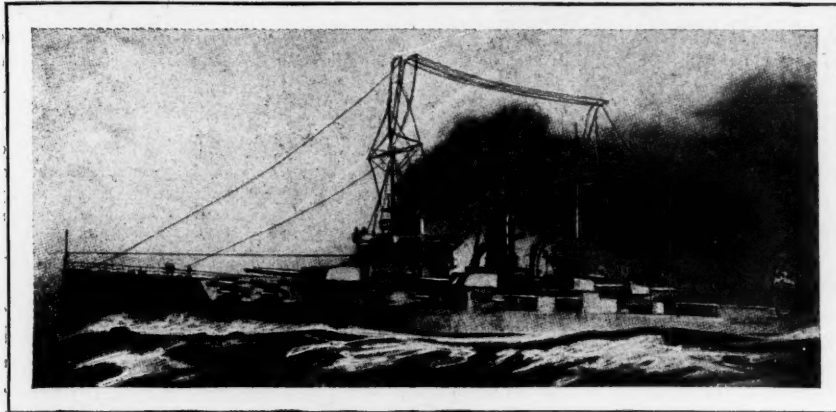
REVISION DOWNWARD.

President Taft says the woolen schedules of the tariff are too high. That means another kind of revision for the consumers.

Grue in the Milwaukee Journal.

FOR AND AGAINST BIG WAR-SHIPS

AN uncommonly informing and enlightening article on the big battle-ship appears from the pen of Vice-Admiral von Ablefeld in the *Deutsche Revue* (Berlin). He states clearly and concisely the points for and against the huge war craft now being built by England, Germany, and the United States with such feverish haste, and declares it unlikely that the battle-ship will in-



THE "WESTFALEN," THE FIRST GERMAN DREADNOUGHT.

Altho this ship is barely completed, the Germans are already launching "super-Dreadnoughts."

— Drawn from a photograph for the London Daily Mail.

crease much further in size. The main advantage of the big ship in a naval engagement, he points out, is its ability to concentrate its attacking force. He explains this point as follows:

"A fleet (A) composed of ten ships, each of them carrying four guns, and a fleet (B) of five ships, each of them with eight guns, meet in battle. The commander of fleet B will find himself in a position of superiority from the simple fact that his line of battle is half as long as that of his adversary, so that at any moment he may change the position of his squadron in a much shorter time than his foe, and can make his ships take any formation he chooses with greater rapidity in accordance with the vicissitudes of the battle. Moreover, he can more easily concentrate the fire of his ships on any particular point of his adversary's line. For undoubtedly the concentrated fire of eight guns from any single ship is more certain and precise than the fire of eight guns from the decks of two different ships."

The objections against such huge ships as the *Dreadnoughts*, however, are many. First of all is the cost. Since 1890 the cost of a battle-ship has increased fourfold, if we take the *Dreadnought* as an example. "This cost must necessarily alarm parliaments and make the taxpayers grumble." "Another argument against building ships of immense tonnage results from a consideration admirably express in the English proverb: 'Don't put all your eggs into one basket.'" The Admiral presses this economic reason as follows:

"It has been stated, and truly, that big ships are exposed to the same perils, whether by collision, capture, shipwreck, or the impact of torpedo or mine, as smaller ships. Now, as we are told, an accident which causes the loss of a *Dreadnought* implies a loss of more seriousness than if it were merely question of a smaller ship."

Another objection urged is that these naval monsters draw so much water that they can not be navigated in places that are safe for smaller vessels. To this the reply is made that the British *Nile* type of ships, whose displacement is 12,000 tons, draw more water than the *Dreadnought* class. The author's conclusion is that in all probability the dimensions of the war-ship will not increase indefinitely in the future. They must undoubtedly halt at a certain limit, which has almost been reached.

The differences between the English *Dreadnoughts*, such as the new *Vulcan*, and German ships of the same class, such as the *Westfalen*, is well shown in the following paragraphs from the London *Daily Mail*:

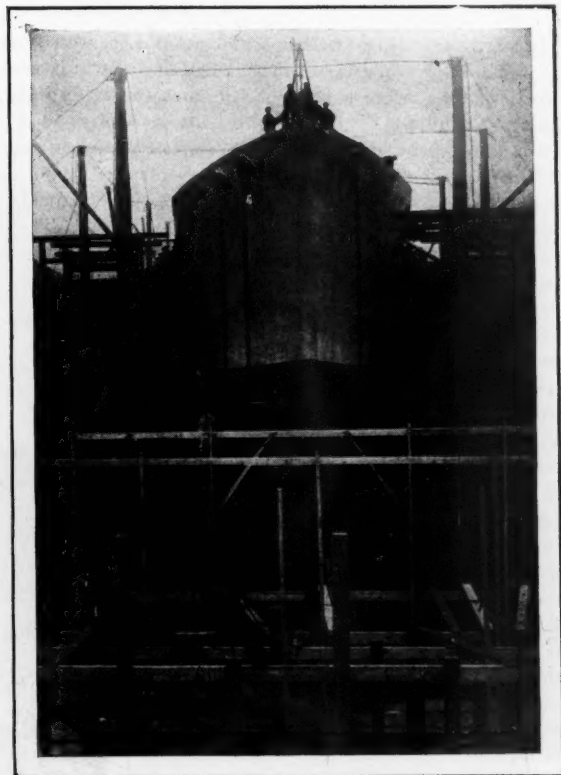
"The characteristic of the German *Dreadnoughts* is that they have not only a very powerful battery of big guns, but also a large number of medium-sized weapons, all behind armor. The British *Dreadnought*, to support her 12-inch guns, has nothing but her little 12-pounders, and they are not placed behind armor.

"The big 11-inch weapons, which are 46 feet long, the same length as the British *Dreadnought's* 12-inch guns, are placed in turrets high above the water-line. There are six turrets, so arranged that six 11-inch guns fire ahead or astern and eight on either broadside.

"Below the heavy gun turrets will be seen the 6-inch guns, six on either broadside, placed in recessed ports, behind armor amidships. The smaller 4-inch guns are arranged wherever there is room for them; some can be seen forward."

If these details are correct, the Germans are evidently ahead of the British in the arming of their big ships. The old idea of shooting from the deck and not from a turret raised high above the

water-line is utilized in the *Westfalen* with an added advantage over the English *Dreadnoughts* in that these smaller guns are protected by armor.—Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.



THE WORLD'S BIGGEST FIGHTING SHIP.

The *Neptune*, a British "super-Dreadnought" of 20,230 tons waiting to be launched. The British Admiralty are very reticent about the details of its armament.

SEAMY SIDE OF THE ASIATIC PACT

THE recent reconciliation and treaty between China and Japan may be viewed either as a mere trade agreement or as a threat to the peace of the world. The way in which China and Japan have been biting thumbs at each other ever since Count Okuma set his signature to the Portsmouth Treaty has been the scandal and stumbling-block of the Far East. Just as the *Ham-*



THE NEW CHINESE ARMY ON THE MARCH.

burger Nachrichten recently counseled Germany "to drive further wedges" between England and the Continental Powers, so it looked as if some *agent provocateur* had been alienating China and Japan. Trade was balked by boycotts and the natural resources of Manchuria were left half-developed. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance has been imperiled by the claims Japan urged against China. Count Okuma suspected everybody, and declared that in the dispute about the South Manchurian Railway "behind China is America; but it is not America alone. England, Germany, and France all approve of China's claims."

Japan, as represented by her newspapers, is, however, quite satisfied at last by the terms of the new agreement. "It is a compromise and also an accommodation," declares *The Japan Weekly Gazette* (Yokohama). The *Kokumin Shimbun* rejoices "that the clouds of mutual distrust have been completely cleared away." This paper congratulates the Chinese Government "on the successful steps it has taken to prevent the circulation of incendiary views and to avoid recourse to the boycott boomerang." The adjustment of the railway question affords profound gratification to the *Shogyo Shimpō*. But much excellent advice is addressed to China by the editor of the *Yomiuri Shimbun*.

"China seems to have forgotten," it says, "that five years ago the whole of Manchuria was completely lost to it, and that the Chinese have received it back as the gift of the Japanese Army and Navy. . . . Unless China learns to look upon Japan with different eyes it is impossible to tell what troubles the future may have in store." "Japan has lost many of her claims in this convention, tho the loss is lightened by the prospect that Japan will in the future secure the compensation of other and better returns." "The two nations must know each other better," remarks the *Mainichi Dempo*, and it thinks the amicable efforts of the imperial families and of the statesmen of the country will "probably prove efficient factors" "in restoring truly cordial relations."

But while these journals see little else than a peaceful and profitable commercial cooperation as resulting from the convention, German and Russian observers view the new compact

with foreboding and alarm. The new agreement deals only with the building of railroads and the exploitation of mines, yet it unmistakably has "a bellicose background," declares the *Ham-burger Nachrichten*. "This view is gaining ground." "Japan and China are making warlike preparations," according to the newspapers. To quote further:

"If the statements in the press have any foundation, the vast military preparations now being undertaken by both the yellow races can be accounted for only by the presumption that possibly, nay probably, these two Powers will unite in an attack upon Russia in the near future."

The *Novoye Vremya* (St. Petersburg) is of the same opinion, and in this leading Russian organ we read that "in Japan nothing is talked about excepting this new war." To quote further:

"Japan is building vast food magazines and raising many new regiments. She is manufacturing firearms of the newest pattern. The artillery is laboring with feverish activity on the completion of batteries. The troops are practising at the butts and carrying on maneuvers day and night, unhindered by rain, darkness, or storm. It is reckoned that Japan possesses dozens of dirigible air-ships of the most recent construction."

The writer concludes that such preparations "can not be made against China" and that "it is not impossible that 1910 will be another 1904 for the Russian Empire."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

LANDLORDS AS FOES OF PROPERTY

JUST as the great estates in few hands proved the ruin of Rome, and as a like state of things brought on the French Revolution and is similarly declared to be the bane of Ireland, so Mr. G. K. Chesterton arraigns the landlords as the real foes of property in Great Britain. The Socialists are sometimes styled enemies of property because they object to the monopoly of the land by a group of more or less absentee landlords, but its real enemies, he remarks in the London *Daily News*, are those who own so much land that they can not enjoy it, or even see it.

"The truth is that the rich have entirely forgotten the meaning of property. The duke does not think about all his estates, field by field and hedge by hedge. If the duke did he would go mad. He can only understand the land when it is put into a ledger; he



A NEW CHINESE BATTERY IN POSITION.

can only read fields when they are translated into figures. Property so enormous that it escapes from the imagination is not even property, just as a hat so huge that it comes down to my boots is not even a hat. It would be (at the best) a costume. In practise it would more probably be an unpleasantly small prison. And a man who makes a monstrous solitude of any sort around him is



FLAG OF THE JAPANESE DELEGATION VISITING AMERICA.

It will be an object of envy all over the world.

—Tokyo Puck.

making a prison, large or small, not a property. The idea in the desert is the same as that in the cell. The Bible puts it perfectly, in the course of some remarks on landlords: 'Wo unto them that lay field to field, that they may be alone in the midst of the earth.'

The owners of vast deer parks come in next for the arrows of this writer's scorn:

"Take, for instance, such things as vast and desolate deer forests, which men keep for isolated adventure and vague hope of sport. If the idea of property is moral, the idea of these things is grossly and glaringly immoral. If a man wants adventure let him go out into the actual world and have it; let him, like the farmer's son in the old sensible fairy tales, 'go out into the world to seek his fortune.' Let the farmer's son do that; or let him stop on the farm. It is quite reasonable that he should have a farm of his own in which to eat and sleep. But it is utterly unreasonable that he should have a world of his own in which to seek his fortune. If the squire is domestic let him delight in his walled garden or small park. If he is undomestic let him plunge into the ocean and discover the North Pole. But it is totally intolerable that he should own a sort of ocean into which he can plunge. It is totally intolerable that he should own a North Pole that he has not discovered.

"Yet this is the idea behind all deer forests, all places made vast and void for sport. They are meant to create a false infinity, a world just large enough to contain private discoveries and sham North Poles. A large estate is a little cosmos; and that is the definition of damnation."

Mr. Chesterton thinks taxation or confiscation the only remedy for the unequal distribution of property. "It is in this idea of isolation and empire that the great landlords are the enemies of property." He describes the remedy as follows:

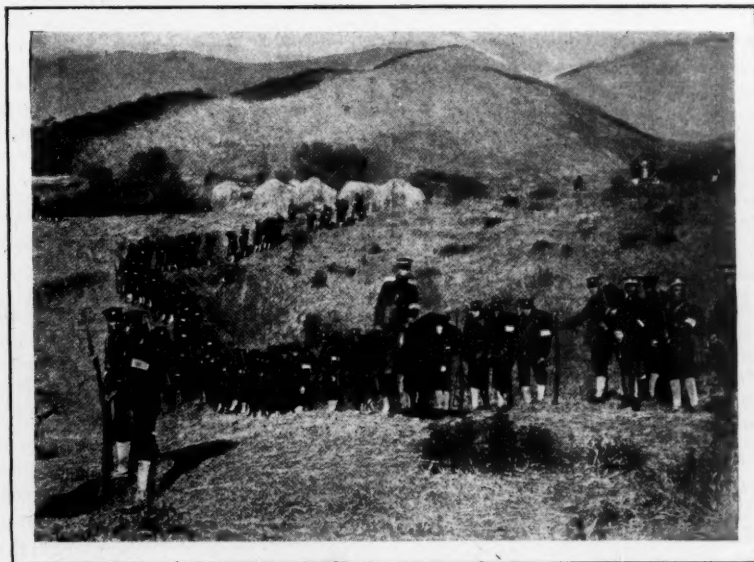
"Hence we shall never reestablish the idea of property until we reestablish small properties. The first word of surgery is that a swelled finger must get smaller to be a finger at all. The first word of Christianity is that a swelled head must get smaller in order to be a head at all. And the first word of modern politics and social reform is that swollen possessions must be diminished before they can even be possessed. The only question is: By what instrument can this be done? Some attempt at balance, some trimming of the boat, must be tried and that quickly, or the whole top-heavy vessel of the modern State will turn turtle. One very moderate method is taxation. I do not know any other method, except confiscation."

These "enemies of property" are scored thus in his concluding paragraph:

"If there should happen to exist in the world a class of persons who made their pile out of the pillage of churches and abbeys, who increased it systematically for four centuries by the moving of fences, the falsification of boundaries, the enclosure of fields, who in our own time have been eagerly to the fore in every scheme for snatching remote territories or exploiting independent peoples, then these I think may positively and correctly be called the enemies of property."

A BRITISH CHILL FOR SOCIALIST WARMTH

THE British Ministry do not seem to appreciate the compliment paid them by Jaurès, the French Socialist leader, when he hails them as brother Socialists. He does not do this for everybody. In fact, the Socialists are usually more eager to repudiate as traitors those who claim to be their brothers than they are to claim fellowship with those outside the fold. But in this case all cold formalism is brushed away, and the arms of Socialism are thrown wide to clasp the new recruits to a warm and welcoming heart. At this point, however, the program is interrupted by the strange coldness of the new brothers. They refuse to be clasped, as it were, and even declare, through their party organs, that they are not Socialists at all! Mr. Jaurès insists that



A CHINESE COLUMN ON THE MARCH IN MANCHURIA.

they are, however, so it looks as if another great controversy is on our hands.

While Mr. Jaurès and his followers are undoubtedly gleeful over what the London *Daily Mail* styles "the rising clouds on the

horizon of English domestic politics," Mr. Jaurès disguises this glee in a flood of eloquent generalization, whose significance, however, is unmistakable. Speaking of the British budget much as the Parisians in 1793 spoke of the Goddess of Reason, the editor of the *Humanité* seems to smile benignly as he welcomes in the new batch of recruits with the following words:

"We really rejoice over this struggle for social reform in England, because the struggle, in enhancing the prestige and the moral influence of a people both great and free, will actually result in developing the force of universal democracy, universal peace, and progress."

Mr. Lloyd-George is, in fact, to pull out the chestnuts for everybody, including the struggling and somewhat disorganized Socialist party represented by Mr. Jaurès, who declares that "England,"



THE TACTICIAN.

THE BUDGET BOY—"But supposing he wants to eat me up?"
UNCLE ASQUITH—"It'll be the greatest mistake he ever made in his life. I've only been waiting for a really good excuse to destroy him."
Punch (London).

that is, the English Socialist party, "is manifesting itself as a tremendous force, acting on the lines of law and methodical evolution."

And then comes the final burst of enthusiasm over which all the Socialists will, so to speak, throw their hats into the air:

"A signal service may now be rendered by the English nation to universal humanity. The English nation approaches the great social problems of the day with its habitual spirit of method, caution, and firmness. Other nations find their faith strengthened, and experience a renewed confidence in the possibility of progress, boundless, orderly, and inevitable."

At the hands of Mr. John Macdonald in the London *Daily News* Mr. Jaurès and his Socialistic enthusiasm meet with chilling criticism. Extreme Socialists in France as in Germany and elsewhere believe in confiscation. But, declares Mr. Macdonald:

"French Socialists are not alone in their approbation of the financial schemes of the British Government. Frenchmen, in millions, who have no love for Socialism, collective or otherwise, admire Mr. Lloyd-George's scheme as a genuine democratic measure, with no taint of confiscation, but inspired from first to last with the spirit of justice and humanity."

The Daily Chronicle (London) also takes pains to knock on the head the theory that the budget is Socialistic. It might just as truly be called Tory or Conservative, declares this paper, and we read:

"Enemies of the budget are now filling the heavens with the cry of Socialism. Following the example of Demetrius, the silversmith in ancient Ephesus, they seek to drown the voice of reason by clamorous appeals to prejudice. It is a familiar device of the baffled controversialist. Lest it should delude some unsophisticated minds, it will be worth while examining the budget proposals to see what exactly they mean, and how little they justify

the opprobrious epithets hurled against them. In raising the revenue for the year Mr. Lloyd-George for the most part follows paths trodden by the feet of Tory and Liberal Chancellors of the Exchequer who preceded him. Income tax, death duties, stamps, customs, and excise duties—these are familiar sources of revenue, which have been tapped by the Treasury year after year."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

WHY CRETE DESIRES ANNEXATION

THOSE who think that the desire of Crete for annexation to Greece is due to some devout religious motive or to a patriotic memory of former allegiance are much mistaken, in the opinion of a Greek who recently went all through the island to sound public sentiment. It reduces to a plain financial proposition, a matter of trade and business. Crete is practically autonomous at present and the days of religious persecution in which robbery and devastation were prominent features have long since passed. As economics rule the whole political world nowadays, so it is from economic considerations, says Mr. A. Adossidès in the *Tour du Monde* (Paris), that Crete would shake off the yoke, light tho it has become, of Turkish domination and be annexed to the country of which she formed a part from times immemorial, and to which she is related racially and religiously. This economic side of the question has been lost sight of by the diplomatists, declares this writer. As he puts it:

"The Cretan question has an economic side to which the European chancelleries do not appear to have given its due importance. Crete has always been rich and prosperous. In ancient as well as in medieval times she was the main entrepôt of trade in the Eastern Mediterranean. She is favored by nature, enjoying a mild climate, a fertile soil, and safe harbors. She ought at this moment to be an important center of Mediterranean traffic. But she has been completely ruined by centuries of conflicts, insurrections, and massacres. Whole towns and villages have been destroyed by fire, and her wonderful forests swept away by incendiary conflagration.

"It is true that under the régime of autonomy which the isle has enjoyed for the last ten years she has succeeded in reviving her agriculture."

Amazing progress has been made within this period in arboriculture, the cultivation of the vine, and the rearing of silkworms. A national bank has been established and public credit has been restored. Nevertheless, proceeds Mr. Adossidès:

"The incertitude which hangs over her political future causes distrust in those who control that foreign capital which is indispensable for the accomplishment of her public works."

But the main point is that while politically emancipated Crete remains economically a manacled slave. Upon this point the writer in the *Tour du Monde* dwells as follows:

"Crete is subjected to those commercial restrictions which are a legacy left by the Ottoman domination and limit her liberty as far as concerns her right to impose taxes and regulate the tariff. To add to this difficulty Crete, already separated from the Ottoman Empire and not yet annexed to Greece, sees her productions hampered, whether in Turkey or even in Greece, by the same duties as those imposed on foreign importations."

It is not mere patriotic sentiment, then, that drives Crete to seek annexation to Greece. Her life, wealth, and prosperity are dependent on such annexation. Progress is impossible excepting under some such arrangement. This is the sole hope for the recovery of her place in the Mediterranean entrepôts of trade. Of her population of 330,000 souls but 28,000 are Mussulmans who enjoy absolute equality and service in public office. It is with a burst of hopeful anticipation that this writer concludes his clear and important article with the hope that Crete will certainly end, sooner or later, by going back to her mother country.—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

ANOTHER ORIGIN OF SPECIES

WHAT he asserts to be a new discovery in evolution is communicated to *The Popular Science Monthly* by Luther Burbank, the "plant wizard." In this contribution, which was first read as a paper before the American Breeders' Association, Mr. Burbank asserts that a cross between two species of plants may summarily give rise to an entirely new species. If the parent species are wild, the offspring may possess greater vitality than either of the parents and may thus crowd them out. He suggests that this may be a more frequent mode of the origin of species than has been hitherto suspected. It will be remembered that the so-called "wonderberry," a species produced by Mr. Burbank in this way, has been criticized as really identical with one of the parent species. In general, Mr. Burbank reminds us, the selection that follows a successful cross is more important than the cross itself. He says:

"Plant-breeding to be successful must be conducted like architecture. Definite plans must be carefully laid for the proposed creation; suitable materials selected with judgment, and these must be securely placed in their proper order and position. No occupation requires more accuracy, foresight, and skill than does scientific plan- or animal-breeding.

"As before noted, the first generation after a cross has been made is usually a more or less complete blend of all the characteristics of both parents; not only the visible characters, but an infinite number of invisible ones are inherent and will shape the future character and destiny of the descendants, often producing otherwise unaccountable so-called mutations, saltations, or sports, the selection and perpetuation of which give to new plant creations their unique forms and often priceless values, like the Burbank potato produced thirty-six years ago and which is now grown on this Western coast almost to the exclusion of all others (fourteen millions of bushels per annum, besides the vast amount grown in the Eastern United States and other countries), or the Bartlett pear, Baldwin apple, and navel oranges, all of which are variations selected by some keen observer. Millions of others are forever buried in oblivion for the lack of such an observer.

"But in this paper I wish to call attention to a not unusual result of crossing quite distinct wild species which deserves the most careful analysis, as it seems to promise a new text for scientific investigation, especially on biometric lines. The subject was most forcibly brought to my attention twenty years ago by the singular behavior of the second-generation seedlings of raspberry-blackberry hybrids. By crossing the Siberian raspberry with our native trailing blackberry a thoroughly fixt new species was summarily produced. The seedlings of this composite *Rubus* (named *Primus*), tho a most perfect blend of both parents but resembling neither, never reverted either way; all the seedlings coming much more exactly like the new type than do the seedlings of any ordinary wild *rubus*. Many thousand plants have been raised genera-

tion after generation, all repeating themselves after the new and unique type. No botanist on earth could do otherwise than classify it if found wild as a valid new species, which it truly is, tho so summarily produced by crossing."

Since the *Primus* species was originated, Mr. Burbank goes on to say, numerous similar cases have attracted attention, such as his hybrid known as the "Phenomenal," produced by crossing the Cuthbert raspberry with the native Pacific-Coast blackberry, and the Logan berry, both of which, tho a complete blend of two such distinct species, yet reproduce from seed as truly as any wild species. He goes on:

"Not only does this new mode hold true under cultivation, but species are also summarily produced in a wild state by natural crossing.

"The Western blackcap and the Eastern red raspberry, when growing contiguous, as they very commonly do in Central British America, often cross, forming an intermediate new species which sometimes sorely crowds both of the parent species, and when brought under cultivation still firmly maintains its intermediate characters, no matter how often reproduced from seed. . . . Similar results among wild evergreens and deciduous trees and shrubs and herbaceous plants have been frequently and forcefully brought to my attention, leaving little doubt in my own mind that the evolution of species is by more modes than some are inclined to admit."



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HE HAS FOUND A NEW WAY OF ORIGINATING SPECIES.

Luther Burbank in the dooryard of his little cottage at Santa Rosa, Cal., surrounded by his favorite flowers and plants.

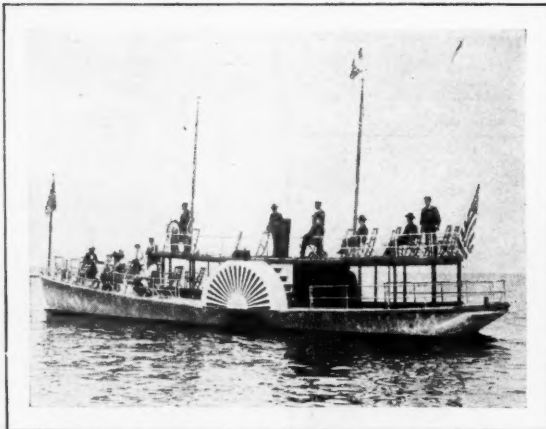
ELECTRIC FANS AND BACTERIA—That the use of revolving fans enormously increases the number of bacteria in the air (tho by what means we are

not told) is shown by recent tests in France, according to *The Hospital* (London). Says this paper:

"The use of ventilators with revolving fans has become very common in large public buildings, especially restaurants and shops. In most cases these ventilators communicate with the outside, and they are installed, of course, with the idea of ventilating and purifying the air within by increasing the rate of exchange with the external atmosphere. But revolving fans are also frequently used, especially in hot weather, simply to produce a cooling effect by setting up a current of air inside. Drs. A. Sartory and A. Filasier have examined the bacteriological effect of these fans and ventilators upon the atmosphere within; and have communicated their results to a recent meeting of the Société de Biologie. They find that these appliances enormously increase the bacterial content of the air. Their experiments were numerous and varied, but it will suffice to refer to one or two. Thus in a restaurant of 400 cubic meters analysis of the air before the fan was working showed 12,500 bacteria per cubic meter; after working the fan for one hour 23,000 bacteria, and after two hours 45,000 bacteria. In another café of 600 cubic meters the number of bacteria rose from 12,000 to 39,000 after the fan was working for one hour. In every instance, in fact, the number of bacteria per cubic meter was doubled, or even quadrupled. As the authors point out, with these facts such appliances can not but be regarded as dangerous and detrimental to the public health."

MARINE STUDIES IN GLASS-BOTTOMED BOATS

A NOVEL and valuable ally to science education has been established in California in the boat with a glass bottom, declares Prof. C. F. Holder, an expert writer on marine life. In these transparent craft the naturalist or layman can visit the homes of the animals to be studied and observe their habits in their native



The photographs illustrating this article were taken by Dr. Charles Frederick Holder and published in "The National Geographic Magazine."

ONE OF THE GLASS-BOTTOMED BOATS.

environment. Visitors to the beautiful Bay of Avalon, about thirty miles from San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, are met, not by hackmen, but by the captains of glass-bottomed boats, who cry: "Here you are! Marine Jimmie's boat, only 50 cents!" "Take the *Cleopatra*," or "Right away now for the Marine Gardens!" The skippers are not expert scientists and their zoological lore "is not by the card," remarks Dr. Holder, in *The National Geographic Magazine* (Washington), but "it is original" and is sufficient for the average tourist, whose own knowledge is "rather hazy." For this reason—

"It makes little difference whether a sea-hare is described as an insect, as the public long ago accepted the dictum of Montgomery, the poet, that the coral animal is an insect, and all the zoologists since have been unable to change their opinion. The object-lesson of the trip is a very valuable one, however, and a better or more fascinating way to study marine zoology could not be designed, as a marvelous horde of strange and beautiful creatures are passed in review."

The glass-bottomed boat is not a new device, but these craft have greatly multiplied of late, till about \$100,000 is invested in the business:

"The boats are made on the island, and range from rowboats with glass bottoms to large side-wheel steamers valued at \$3,000. There is a fleet of them, big and little, and they skim over the kelp beds, and have introduced an altogether new variety of entertainment and zoological study combined.

"The boat is made by having the bottom to the extent of the boards beside the keel to the width of three feet from bow to stern replaced by thick plate-glass, set inside of a railing so that the glass can not touch the bottom; even if it did, the observer looks down through a well, his elbows comfortably resting on the padded edge. As the boat moves slowly along, every object on the bottom can be distinctly seen, as the glass magnifies it. The best view doubtless is had from the small boats, as they can go well inshore, but both have their advantages.

"The submarine scenery is particularly attractive here. The entire island, nearly sixty miles around, is lined with a forest of *Nereocystis*, or kelp, a huge vine whose leaves rise and fold and unfold in the water, the abiding-place of countless animals of all kinds. This fringe rises in deep water ten or twenty feet from the rocks, and inshore are myriad forms of algæ of various colors,

to which the skippers have given fanciful names, as the Yosemite, the Grand Cañon of the Sea, the Great Divide, etc., all of which adds to the piquancy of the amusement.

"The divers often follow the boats around, and for a bit will dive for *haliotis* shells, which doubtless they have planted, tho almost every rock has its living shell. As the boat moves over the shallow water of Avalon Bay, exclamations come quick and often, as one scene melts away and another appears, and the entire range of color is exhausted before the trip is over."

The fauna of this region, Mr. Holder tells us, is particularly interesting, as many of the animals seen are peculiar to it. The accompanying illustrations, from photographs taken under Mr. Holder's supervision, show the various animals as seen through the glass-bottom boat, alive and under water. The writer asserts that they are the first photographs of the living Pacific-Coast fishes ever made. We read further:

"The kelp itself forms a beautiful picture, its rich olive hue when it catches the sun looking not unlike a great band of amber against the vivid turquoise of the water, as deep water is so near the shore that often one can dive into blue water from the rocks.

"If a panorama had been arranged it would not appear more artificial, as at every move of the glass-bottom boat something new is seen through the window, as tho prearranged. The scenery changes every moment, and as there is a slight ground swell, just sufficient to lift the curtains of the weed and move them to one side, then back again, strange things constantly appear. Now the vista is green. Presto! the tidal scene-shifter makes it purple of a gorgeous hue; then comes the cavern of the sea, 'In gulfs enchanted where the Siren sings,' faced with a most delicate green, in which swim blue and gold fishes.

"Drifting out a little, into water thirty feet deep, we see that Santa Catalina is a big offshore Sierra, as we can now look down the precipitous slopes into water of an indigo-blue shade, the most exquisite blue imaginable, with a background here and there of dim shadowy shapes. Prichard, the well-known submarine artist,



DEVIL FISH: SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

Seen through a glass-bottomed boat.

has gone down in diver's armor at Tahiti and painted such scenes, and only those who have been divers or who have gone on a cruise on a Santa Catalina glass-bottom boat can appreciate their real beauty. Lying on one side is a mass of peculiar mazarine blue.

In a moment we make it out as a school of blue-eyed perch of California, a fish about a foot long, with eyes like turquoise. In the peculiar light that sifts down through the kelp they appear blue, and are all headed in the same direction and lying near the bottom.



THE MIMIC SCULPINS IMITATING ROCKS.

"In midwater are countless kelp fishes, graceful swimmers, while below them there are others still more radiant in yellow, white, brown, and red. Sometimes a shark sails slowly along with its remoras or sucking-fishes following or fastened to it. They will often wander away and look curiously up into the big window down into which peer scores of faces in a row."

CHEMICAL FAKES

FRAUDS punishable under the Pure Food and Drug Act are by no means the only ones of the kind that flourish. As matters stand now, a man who sells water as an emetic may be punished, but if he claims that it is an application for making wood fireproof, he may go scot-free. Swindlers will doubtless take notice. An article contributed to *The Scientific American* by A. F. Kunberger specifies some of these chemical fakes. He says:

"Some years ago a sample of a chemical, supposed to render wood fireproof was submitted to us for analysis. A careful examination proved it to be common table-salt, for which a price of 25 cents a package (about one pound) was asked, and undoubtedly was paid by scores of buyers. We know, of course, that salt acts to a certain extent as a protection; but by no means does it make wood fireproof, and at the best it is worth less than 1 cent a pound. Some time later two samples, one a pink and the other a blue chemical, were submitted to us for examination. A circular stated that the blue chemical added to gasoline would render it non-explosive; the same was claimed for the pink chemical, if added to kerosene or coal-oil. The circular also contained a number of testimonials from persons who one would expect should know better, but undoubtedly they were not thinking deeply enough to consider what harm could grow out of their indorsement.

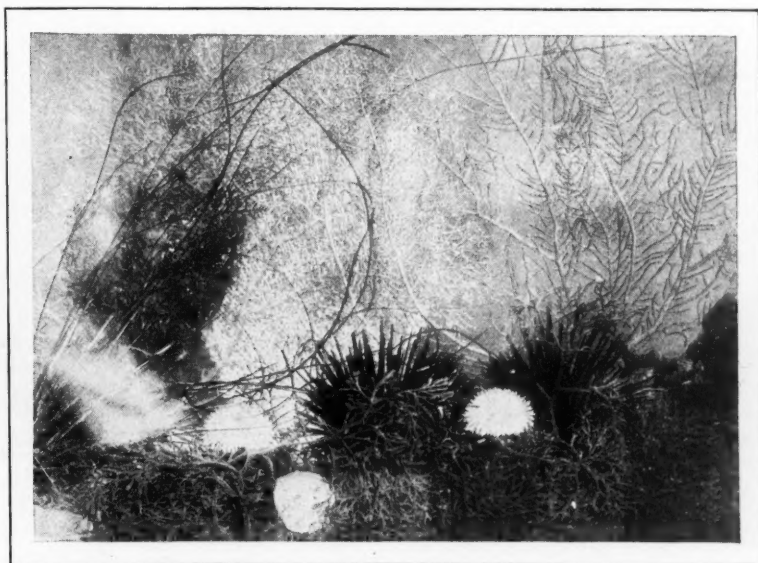
"One of the testers, the chief of the Fire Department of one of our large Eastern cities, stated that in his presence the chemical was placed in a can containing gasoline, the fluid being ignited in the can and poured into another containing gasoline without exploding either of them. We wish to state that the oil termed gasoline is not explosive, and if ignited in an open can will burn with a smoky flame, so there was no merit in the material

added. It is entirely different if gasoline which has been kept in a partly empty can for some time is brought in contact with a lighted match or candle, or if the can should be opened near a flame or light of any kind, as an explosion will be the result of such carelessness. The explosion is due to the gases formed in the can, and these mixed with air are highly explosive; but nothing known at present will prevent this except precaution. And if there were a remedy, it would naturally have to destroy the qualities of the gasoline which make it valuable; that is, its ability to vaporize rapidly and at a low temperature. We made an analysis of both chemicals, which were offered at 50 cents a bottle containing less than an ounce of material, and found them to be common table-salt, dyed the colors above mentioned.

"What attracts the attention of the general public at present is a material supposed to make ashes burn. It is sold, and to our personal knowledge was bought, at very fancy prices. We took the trouble to analyze a package, and found that it contained powdered calcium carbide with 30 per cent. of free lime and coal dust. Whether these impurities were purposely mixed or their presence was due to an inferior grade of carbide, we did not consider sufficiently important to investigate. Any person of average intelligence ought to know that ash is a mineral admixture of coal and is non-combustible. All statements made by careless investigators to the effect that the addition of any of these compounds to their coal increased the calorific or heating-power are ridiculous, and the good results exist only in the imagination of the user. The efficient way to obtain all the heating-value contained in the fuel is to have proper grates and draft facilities, and to keep them clean. Clinker and ash should be removed by frequent raking, since too hard raking carries a large quantity of unburned coal into the ash.

"There are hundreds of other compounds of a similar nature, which flourish long enough to fill the pockets of the 'discoverer,' and we can not caution the reader too emphatically to stop to consider the feasibility of a so-called discovery before buying it and recommending it without having seriously investigated its merits."

GLASS THAT CONDUCTS ELECTRICITY—Glass of all common kinds is an insulator, but an electrically conducting glass has just been invented, which may have various uses. This glass, we are told by *Cosmos* (Paris), is composed of a mixture of 32 parts



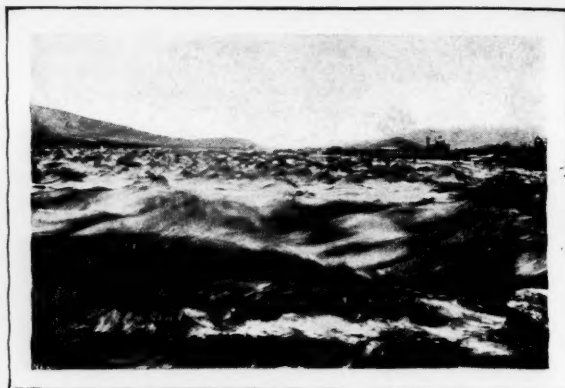
SCENE THROUGH THE GLASS-BOTTOMED BOAT.
Showing black and white sea-flowers.



By courtesy of "Engineering News," New York.

THE SAN LUISITO BRIDGE AT MONTEREY.

Showing the ordinary amount of water in the stream. Thousands are reported starving as a result of the rise of this river, and the Red Cross is asking aid.



By courtesy of "Engineering News," New York.

VIEW UPSTREAM AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FLOOD.

The bridge is seen in the background at the right. The main stream of the torrent is sweeping over the spot where the suburb of San Luisito stood.

HOW NATURE OVERWHELMS THE WORK OF MAN.

silicate of soda, 5 of borax, 0.8 of lead oxid, and 0.2 of antimoniate of soda. Says this paper:

"The glass into whose composition enter the above-mentioned substances is refractory to the action of acids and opposes to the passage of the electric current a resistance nearly 1,000 times smaller than that of ordinary glass. The new glass is utilized particularly for making the disks of electrometers and electroscopes. In these latter devices thin filaments of the new glass may even be substituted for the usual gold leaves."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

THE RECENT MEXICAN FLOODS

THE unprecedented floods that took place in Monterey, Mex., in August last are of interest not only from their volume and the rapidity of their rise, but also for some reasons that have prompted *Engineering News* (New York, September 14) to publish a special study of them, made and reported by G. R. G. Conway, chief engineer of the Monterey Water Works. Says Mr. Conway:

"The great flood of August 27 and 28 was preceded on Aug. 9, 10, and 11 by a flood of considerable magnitude, greater indeed than any which had occurred since the year 1881. This flood followed a period of exceptional drought which is supposed to have been more severe than any drought during the last thirty years. During the year previous to these floods only about 10 inches of rain had fallen, while in the previous months from January to August 10, only 8 inches was recorded.

"At midnight on August 9, rain began to fall heavily and from that time until 6 P.M. on August 11, 13.38 inches of rain was recorded in the rain-gage at the Water-Works Company's office. . . .

"The river continued to run for a few days, and its bed at Monterey then dried up completely. It should be remarked that under normal conditions the Santa Catarina River is dry at Monterey. What water there is flowing in the river above ground is taken out for irrigation purposes 12 miles above Monterey. It is only on two or three occasions during the year when there is any flow at all in the river at Monterey.

"Hardly had this flood disappeared when the river was subjected to another enormous flow and on the evening of the 27th, about 11 P.M., the river came down in an enormous volume and with great velocity, practically destroying a great part of San Luisito and the low-lying districts north of the river."

The greatest flood period, we are told, occurred on the evening of August 27, when the approaches at the south end of the San Luisito bridge gave way, thus directing the current to the south, sweeping away hundreds of houses, and obliterating many streets on both sides of the river. We read further:

"The bridge itself is a two-span structure of reinforced concrete. It had a flood area of only 1,680 square feet, but it stood the torrent and was the means of saving much valuable property to the north of the city, as it acted as a dam and deflected the main scour southward.

"From approximate observations made, the velocity of the current was about 15 miles per hour. From a cross-section of the river the flood section was found to be 12,650 square feet; this gives the enormous discharge of 278,000 cubic feet per second.

"This computation of maximum flow the writer believes to be a conservative one, taking into consideration the facts that the floods of August 9, 10, and 11 had completely saturated the limestone strata of the water-shed area, and also the fact that the whole of the region above Monterey is barren, precipitous, and free from vegetation or plant growth of any kind, and that a maximum intensity of the rainfall, viz., 1.50 inches and 1.80 inches per hour, was attained on Friday night, the 27th, and in the morning of Saturday, the 28th. We can therefore safely assume a discharge of at least 75 per cent. of the total rainfall.

"At every point along the river the underflow water appeared at the surface and the temporary wells of the Water-Works Company's infiltration gallery rose about 20 feet, or practically to the surface of the river, altho at a considerable distance from it. Assuming, then, as a fair average 1 inch of rainfall per hour over the whole water-shed we obtain with a discharge of 75 per cent. of the total quantity about 265,000 cubic feet per second, or an average on both methods of calculation of 271,500 cubic feet per second—a rate of run-off equal to about 590 cubic feet per second per square mile of water-shed."

FRENCH PRAISE OF AMERICAN NURSES—According to Professor Pozzi, a distinguished French surgeon who has been making a tour of the United States, this country is the paradise of the trained nurse. The Professor, according to *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*, returns to his home with a high opinion of our hospitals and our medical service in general. Says this magazine:

"According to the daily papers, he believes that the crowning triumph of American hospitals is their nursing-staff; there is nothing in German, English, or French hospitals to equal the nursing service which the doctor found in our institutions.

"The American nurse is a lady, the Professor observes, and is on the same social plane as the doctor or the wealthy patient. She enjoys vastly more consideration than falls to the lot of the French nurse, who comes from the lower ranks of society and receives very low pay for her work."

Dr. Pozzi is quoted directly as follows:

"In Paris a head nurse receives \$16 a month; in the United States the nurse with a diploma gets from \$100 to \$120 a month.

with her lodging, food, and laundry; she has a tea-room to receive her friends in and a library—and she has certain hours of liberty each day. It is safe to say that an American nurse has a position, from a pecuniary point of view, three or four times superior to that of a head nurse in our hospitals."

The reviewer concludes:

"The rich Parisian family would never think of letting the nurse dine at the family table. Never could a young man in good society marry a nurse who had endeared herself to him by her excellent service. But in America the Professor can point to many such alliances—indeed, he is inclined to look upon nursing as a natural stepping-stone to a happy marriage, in this land, the paradise of the trained nurse."

GREAT CANADIAN TUNNELS—Press reports from Montreal state that work has been completed on the greatest tunneling ever attempted in Canada, namely, the two spiral tunnels on the main line of the Canadian Pacific between Field and Hector. Says *The Railway World* (New York, August 20):

"Several miles will be added to the length of the track, together with more than a mile of tunneling and a couple of bridges, but the 'Big Hill' grade will be so reduced as to more than double the tractive power of the locomotives. While the work meant the excavation of 650,000 cubic yards of virgin rock, the employment of 1,000 men for twenty months, the boring of about 1.5 miles of tunnels through mountains 10,000 feet high, and the building of two bridges over the Kicking Horse River, it is estimated that it will prove a splendid investment for the Canadian Pacific. It will reduce this big grade from 4.5 to a maximum of 2.2. This will mean that the biggest obstacle to the running of trains over the Rocky Mountains has been removed, and that in the future on this section of the line two engines will be able to do much more work than four have hitherto been able to do, at one-third less expense to the company, and with an almost complete elimination of the ever-present risk to life of operating trains on a steep grade. The cost of the improvement was \$1,500,000."

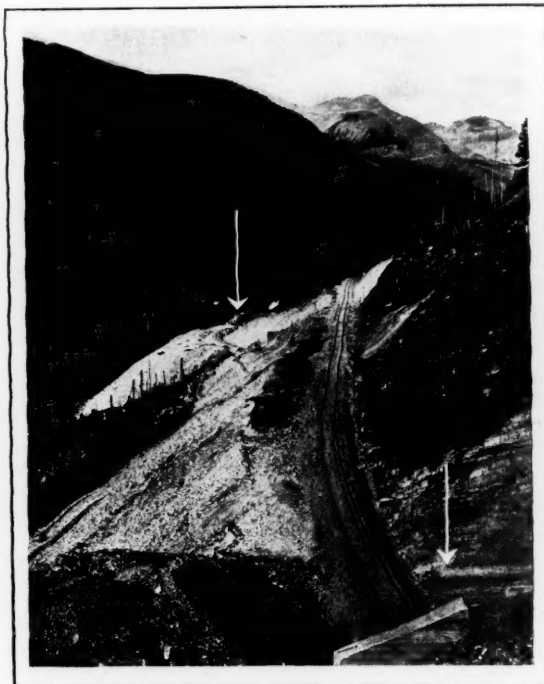
GROWTH IN COLORED SOILS—The effect of the color of soils on the growth of vegetation has been studied in France at the experimental vineyard of Montpellier, with interesting results. Says *Cosmos* (Paris):

"The experimenter covered the surface of a vineyard with a thin layer of cement, easily traversed by moisture, leaving a small space around each stem. Then he painted part of the surface white, part black, and part red, and he found that the red and black plantations were almost twice as vigorous as the white. . . . The temperature of the soil is much higher under the red and black, and the activity of the vegetation increases with this temperature. It should be remembered that the vineyards of the Midi have generally reddish soils and that those of the Charentes are normally blackish."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

SCIENCE BREVITIES

"The mere mass of the concrete floor and side walls of the locks at Gatun will be sufficient to give them great stability," says *The Scientific American*, "but, with a view to adding a further safeguard against rupture in the event, say, of earthquake shock, the government engineers intend to reinforce the concrete by embedding in it no less than seven thousand tons of old rail. This metal consists partly of a light rail which was used during the era of French construction, and partly of more modern American rails, which have been so badly bent that they can no longer be used in the track."

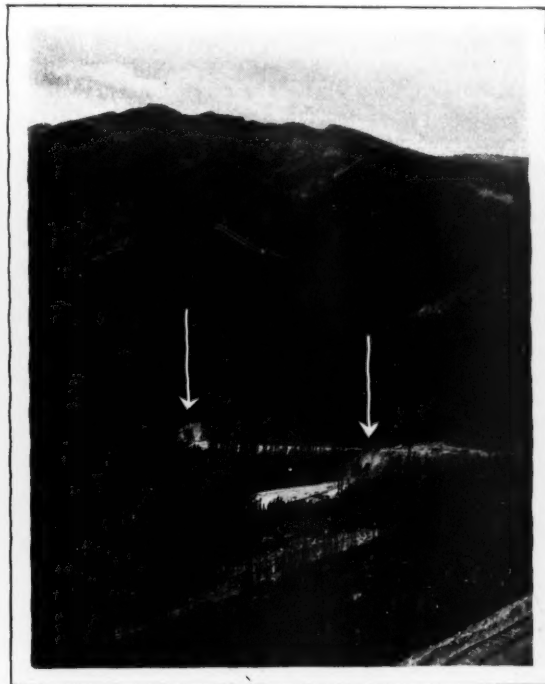
"An 'American colony' of a very interesting character has recently been installed near Guildford, in Surrey, where an attempt is being made to acclimatize the American robin (*Merula migratoria*) in England," says *Nature* (London). "Seventeen birds—nine cocks and eight hens—were imported last spring, and after being kept for a short time in a large open-air aviary, all, with the exception of two or three pairs, were liberated about the middle of June. They mated immediately, and began nest-building almost at once. The nests—coarse, bulky constructions—were placed in trees, with little attempt at concealment, and clutches of from four to five blue eggs, about the size of those of the thrush, were laid. Old and young, the birds now number between forty and fifty. Fears are entertained that at the approach of winter these robins, impelled by their strong migratory instinct, will leave England and become hopelessly dispersed; but those who know the nature of the birds are confident that by feeding them abundantly as cold weather draws on they can be induced to remain as permanent residents."



By courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

SPIRAL TUNNEL ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

The track is seen entering the mountain at the lower level in the center of the picture and emerging at a higher level from the portal in the lower right-hand corner.



By courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

THE TWO PORTALS OF ANOTHER SPIRAL TUNNEL.

When the engineer is "up against" a mountain side, and can go no farther, he cleverly carries his road into the mountain, turns an almost complete circle on a rising grade, and emerges at a point where he can continue his road.

HOW MAN OUTWITS NATURE.

REVIEWING DR. ELIOT

THE publication of Dr. Eliot's address on the "Religion of the Future" in *The Harvard Theological Review* (October) removes all grounds for further misconception. It has been charged that in newspaper accounts of his address before the Harvard Summer School of Theology last July his ideas were misrepresented. But we find no disparity between our account of July 31 taken from the New York *Tribune* and the full text of the address save that ideas merely suggested are in the full report greatly amplified.

The New Religion, as Dr. Eliot conceives it, "will not be based upon authority, either spiritual or temporal." "There will be no personifications of primitive forces of nature," . . . "no worship exprest or implied of dead ancestors," . . . "no identification of any human being, however majestic in character, with the Eternal Deity." The new religion "will not deal chiefly with sorrow and death, but with joy and life" . . . it will "believe neither in Satan nor in witches" . . . it "will not rely on either a sudden conversion in this world or a sudden paradise in the next." The new religion "rejects the entire conception of man as a fallen being." "God will be so immanent that no intermediary will be needed." The new religion "builds on the actual experience of men and women and of human society as a whole." It will be "in harmony with the great secular movements—democracy, individualism, social idealism, and zeal for education, the spirit of research, the modern tendency to welcome the new, the fresh powers of preventive medicine, and the recent advances in business and industrial ethics—but also in essential agreement with the direct personal teachings of Jesus, as they are reported in the Gospels."

With the publication of the full text of the address the various sections of the religious press are given a chance to orientate themselves, and we find the expected contradictory judgments upon his views. *The Christian Register* (Boston, Unitarian) is reminded of the familiar theorem in geometry, "Given one side and two angles of a triangle, to find the other two sides," and goes on to assert its belief that "in no commentary of recent times upon the religious and ethical conditions of the age could there have been a clearer and more mathematical calculation of the angles of modern thought to determine the character and location of future religious interests." For a long time to come, so this journal believes, this address will indicate "the drift of religious activity," and, further, it foresees a future period when "it will be referred to as one of the best statements, if not the accepted classical statement, of the actual condition of religion at the beginning of the twentieth century." This estimate, signed by Lewis G. Wilson, purports to represent the position of the American Unitarian Association. Not dissimilar is the view exprest by *The Temple* (Louisville, Jewish). Careful reading of the address, says the editor of this journal, will disappoint and disarm those valiant defenders of religion who believed Dr. Eliot's address to contain an alarming attack on religion, such as "would call into service all their powers and weapons of protection." The writer regrets that Dr. Eliot should display "but scant appreciation of Judaism" and that "with all his vast knowledge covering diverse provinces of science," he should seem to be "no more familiar with the history and growth of Judaism than many another erudite scholar." As a result—

"All the references to Judaism in his article are either to the most primitive stage of Jewish belief and history, or to legendary ingredients. Concerning the high moral precepts of the Jewish prophets, the lofty flights of devotion of the Jewish psalmists, the universalistic outlook of Israel's greatest preachers—in a word, concerning the religion of those prophets of whom such a critical scientist as Professor Huxley has said that they taught the sum and substance and acme of religion—Dr. Eliot has not a word to say. Only to the racial, or anthropomorphic, or other features of

the ancient Hebraic religion that he chances to dislike, does Dr. Eliot allude."

Journals representing evangelical and Catholic faith are not so acquiescent. *The Interior* (Chicago, Congregational) characterizes the address as a "swing to Pantheism." The editor of *The Freeman's Journal* (New York, Roman Catholic) defines it as "a watered-down Unitarianism, inasmuch as it would seem to tender an inviting haven to men who have lost belief in positive or authoritative religion, yet are striving to retain some belief in God." The judgment of this editor upon the deliverances of Dr. Eliot seems to *The Western Christian Advocate* (Cincinnati, Methodist Episcopal) "so just that all Evangelical Christians can well join in its expression." It quotes *The Freeman's Journal* to this effect:

"The old genus homo is not the sort to worship a multiplication of infinities, or look on surgeons as sacred ministers performing holy rites. Mankind will have a real religion, or none at all. It wants a God to love and fear and pray to. A creedless religion is a thoughtless religion. But the bulk of his message is too commonplace and this-worldly to deserve the sacred name of religion. How can it fulfil the functions of the ancient faith? Would any man be willing to die for its principles? Is it a religion for the world-weary and the disconsolate? Does it afford any curb for passion or help in time of temptation? The new religion will neither satisfy the needs of religious natures, nor hold the allegiance of those who through various causes are forsaking the ancient faith. It is a house built half-way down on a steep and slippery hillside, and below it lie the quagmires of agnosticism and pessimism. Those who would escape to solid ground must rise on the wings of faith. History repeats itself. Many things change, but the mind of God and the nature of man remain."

The New York *Examiner* (Baptist), on reading the full text of Dr. Eliot's lecture, feels that it deserves, "if anything, severer condemnation than followed the briefer report." Of his statement that "the religion of the future will not be gloomy, ascetic, or maledictory," it remarks:

"Well, the religion of the present isn't, so far as it is the genuine New-Testament variety. Doesn't Dr. Eliot know that New-Testament Christianity, wherever reproduced to-day—and there is a lot of it abroad in the world—is essentially joyous, companionable, and sweet-thinking and speaking? He is not claiming anything new for his new religion; but he is, in some of his statements, grievously maligning much of the religious life of to-day."

The Congregationalist and Christian World (New York), taking a middle ground in judgment, observes:

"Among the impressions we have received in reading this lecture are these: That most of the published estimates of this 'new religion' have been misrepresentations made to startle readers and to be attacked; that the lecture contains many sentences which, by being separated from the context, are singularly suited to be used to misrepresent the author's meaning. We are impressed also with Dr. Eliot's masterly grasp of the religious forces at work in the development of civilization during the last century and his profoundly religious character, in which the intellect holds steady control over the emotions. The lecture suggests to us the inadequacy of prophecy, not only because of the limitations of the prophet's vision, but also because of the limitations of the power of his hearers to apprehend the meaning of prophecy."

But the belief in the supremacy of Christ and his power as the redeemer of mankind, observes this Congregational journal, "fails to find expression in President Eliot's lecture, tho the spirit of Christ is not absent from it"—

"He says that in the unfolding of the twentieth-century religion the revelation which Jesus gave to mankind becomes more wonderful than ever. Certainly the ideal which Dr. Eliot presents will interest all thoughtful readers of his lecture, and no one will dissent from its key-note, that 'the central thought of the new religion will therefore be a humane and worthy idea of God, thoroughly consistent with the nineteenth-century revelations concerning man and nature, and with all the tenderest and loveliest teachings which have come down to us from the past.'"

SALOON CENSORSHIP OF THE CHURCH

THE Church, according to a journal published in the interests of wholesale liquor-selling, is wandering from "its proper sphere." It is entering into "the arena of party politics (especially in its aid to the Antisaloon League) and is therefore reminded by *Mida's Criterion* (Chicago) that such an act is "contrary to the genius and spirit of this nation as expressly stipulated in the Constitution adopted by our forefathers." Notwithstanding the safeguards thus laid down against the encroachment of the Church upon grounds alien to her province, there have not been wanting, we read, "bigots in the churches that have all along sought for recognition of the Church by the State, such as in the matter of education of the young, and of the observance of Sunday, exemption of churches, parsonages, and Church lands from taxation, and the like; all of which are contrary to the spirit of the Constitution." This journal does not wish to be understood as denying to church-members the rights of citizens. It objects to the Church as a factor in the discussion of secular matters and goes on to ventilate its views of the case in such observations as these:

"For example, the observance of Sunday should, as far as the civil law is concerned, be sought for on the ground of the moral and physical benefits to be derived from rest from labor, and not on religious ground. That is the province of the Church to inculcate and for its members to accept voluntarily. The spheres of the Church and the State should be as carefully separated as that of the legislative and the judiciary in the State. Thus and thus only can there be harmonious cooperation, the fruit of which is personal liberty.

"In these days the question we are discussing has become a burning issue everywhere. For in its last analysis the struggle precipitated by the Antisaloon League on the pretext of the abuses that have crept into the conduct of the saloon, is between the Church and State, which should rule in the conduct of public affairs.

"Should the legally conducted saloon be driven out, this will only be the beginning of Church domination. Whetted with victory it will seek other spheres to conquer, unless an outraged citizenry, incensed at the encroachments on liberty, should arise in their might, put the Church back to its own sphere, depriving it of all the privileges such as exemption from taxation, etc., that it now enjoys contrary to the spirit of the Constitution.

"Such an intrusion of the Church into the political sphere is attended with evil and only evil continually. Tyranny steps in, and a new standard for membership is set up and all who do not fall down and worship the new image of prohibition, which can not be found in the Bible, are ostracized or cast out of the synagogue entirely.

"When we find the Speaker of the Alabama legislature declaring in his place the Church should rule, we are coming pretty near to the end of usurpation and encroachment, when this heresy is thus given quasi-official indorsement.

"The ministers have in many cases lost their heads and hundreds are abandoning their pulpits to engage in this political propaganda, lured on in many cases by the prospect of increased shekels. They are bringing political pressure to bear, assisting in political trades, and trying to frighten by the claim that they have the votes of their members behind them. They are driving out those of their flock who will not bow the neck to their priestcraft.

"How can the Church as a church be benefited by all this upheaval and return to abandoned politics?

"How long will the churches pull together in a common cause, and which church will secure the best division of the political spoils?

"The whole thing is wrong, and there can come nothing but evil out of it. Let us hope that in time the cool-headed church people will be in the ascendancy, put a stop to this subversive work of the zealots, and restore the Church to its proper sphere."

"JULIA'S BUREAU"

MR. STEAD'S "bureau" of communication with departed souls is said to be in working order, and many successful efforts to communicate with the other world are affirmed. Not long ago he wrote a magazine article which we quoted, setting forth his determination to establish an office where people by the



WHERE TRYSTS ARE KEPT WITH THE SPIRITS.

About half a dozen engagements a day are kept in this room, formerly Mr. Stead's office.

payment of a small contribution to the "Borderland Library" could talk with friends who had entered the spirit world. His agent for communications on the other side is his familiar known as "Julia," identical with an American lady whom he once knew and with whom, since her death, he acknowledges frequent communication. In his article in *The Fortnightly Review* (May) he asserted that he "would not assume the responsibility of making the attempt if Julia had not assured me that she will personally decide which cases the bureau shall take in hand." The "bureau" is his former private office in Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, and on the door one reads the legend "The Sanctum: Private." Over this is a photograph of Linni's "Silence." The further description of this room we quote from the *London Daily Mail*:

"Here in this handsome apartment, its walls covered with photographs of the celebrities whom Mr. Stead has known in such large numbers, persons who desire to communicate with departed loved ones can, so it is claimed, have their desire gratified should the conditions be favorable.

"Julia's Bureau' was opened at the end of April for 'communications between the living and the so-called dead in cases where there is a strong tie of affection between those who have been temporarily severed by death.' Each applicant who desires to use it has to fill out a form in which he or she declares the belief that 'the deceased would desire such an opening up of communication as earnestly as does the applicant.'

"At present the number of applications is about half a dozen a day, and it is declared that, of the cases accepted, about 75 per cent. have 'gone through'—that is, communication is believed to have been established.

"The combination of modern business methods with spiritualism is piquant, to say the least. In Mr. Stead's offices there is nothing except some rows of 'spirit-photographs' to suggest anything uncommon. Persons with appointments with one or other of the mediums stay in a waiting-room, which somehow reminds one of a dentist's ante-chamber, until they can be attended to.

"Each applicant must subscribe a guinea to the Borderland Library, but otherwise there is no set charge, and Mr. Stead says that on the average each case costs him \$10. It is claimed that the greatest pains are taken to obtain mediums of reliability and honesty, and, should nothing result in a particular case from a sitting with one sort of medium, the applicant tries other kinds, until satisfaction is obtained, or the attempt is abandoned as hopeless."

THE KONGO ACQUITTAL

THE duration of the Kongo missionaries, whose plight we considered last week, has been relieved. Dispatches from Leopoldville, dated October 5, report that Rev. W. H. Sheppard, charged with "calumnious denunciation" by one of the Kongo concession companies, has been acquitted. Previously the charge against Rev. William M. Morrison, similarly indicted, had been dropped. The suit was based on an article appearing in the *Kasai Herald*. The *New York Tribune* thinks the acquittal of Dr. Sheppard highly creditable to the new Kongo government tribunal at Leopoldville, and makes these further comments:

"The prosecution of Dr. Sheppard and also of his colleague, Dr. Morrison, savored throughout unpleasantly of persecution. There is little doubt that the real provocation of it was their exposures of the cruelties and barbarities of agents of the Government or of trading companies in the Kongo State. But nobody dared to deny or to attempt to disprove the substantial accuracy of their reports. Suit was therefore brought against them for an article which had been published in their mission paper and which appears to have erred on the one technical point of calling a certain company a 'chartered' company, when it was not actually 'chartered,' but merely had a 'concession.'

"The American State Department secured a postponement of the trial to a date which would afford the defendants suitable time to prepare their case, and instructed the American Consul-General in the Kongo to watch the trial closely. Mr. Emile Vandervelde, one of the most eminent members of the Belgian Parliament, volunteered his services for the defense. Before trial the case against Dr. Morrison was dropped, but that against Dr. Sheppard was pushed, largely, it is thought, because he is a negro and because, as a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, he has done much to enlighten Great Britain concerning misrule in the Kongo.

"Complete details of the trial are not yet at hand, but the fact that Dr. Sheppard has been acquitted by a Belgian court in the heart of the Kongo State is highly significant. Apologists for Kongo misrule have long railed against the missionaries as liars and slanderers in the pay of the British enemies of the Kongo. But now a Kongo court acquits as blameless one of the very foremost and most outspoken of those missionaries. That will be generally interpreted as meaning that the charges made by the missionaries were true, and that, as a result of the making of them, a new order of affairs has been established in the Kongo, under which justice and not assassination is dealt out to men who have the courage to tell the truth, no matter how unpleasant or damaging it may be to some of the powers that be. The result of this trial at Leopoldville is most auspicious for the future of the Kongo State."

RELIGION IN WORK—The daily task, declares a writer in the *London Nation*, can not be properly performed without a sort of religious unselfishness. To take up the cross daily and follow the Master is what thousands of the workers in office and factory have learned to do. The teachers and toilers of the world are really acting under the direct or indirect influence and inspiration of that gospel which works nowadays with something of the inevitable persistence of a natural force. Thus we read:

"One can not glance at the reports of the factory- or school-inspectors without realizing that most of them are making a conscience of what they do, that their work interests and stimulates them, that they are doing much more than the mechanical minimum, and that an ideal of social service is steadily in their minds. They are not working for themselves; they are working for their fellow men. It is a crude cynicism which assumes that nothing but the hope of unlimited gain can spur to energy or evoke the manhood of a mind."

The great discoverers of the world were not actuated by the hope of gain in the toils, dangers, and night-long vigils to which they submitted themselves. There was a bright motive of Christian disinterestedness in it all. Moreover:

"Gain was not the chief stimulus of the medieval craftsman. It

had even in the nineteenth century only a secondary place in the lives of scholars, artists, scientists, architects, engineers, and medical men. Generations of doctors have worked with incessant energy and self-sacrifice upon discoveries and inventions, which the etiquette of their caste forbade them to patent or monopolize. The really virile mind is more often an intelligence which desires to fling itself into some largely disinterested work of organization or reform, discovery or social service, than a mechanism which will give forth its best only under the stimulus of great profit."

This is true also of the public service. The mayor, the alderman, the clerk or typewriter in government service, declares this writer, can do his best only when he is working under the stimulus of a religious sense of duty, and it is when this sense is absent that inefficiency and misgovernment begin.

"THE CHURCH OF MINIMUMS"

THE Church of to-day is addicted to a habit which the Chicago *Interior* labels "the habit of the minimum." Its thralldom to this habit is compared to the enslavement of men to vice, and the limitations that are imposed by this enslavement are various. One of these is the minimum habit of belief, of which we read:

"The fashion of the day is to believe little. The evil of this has nothing to do with the growing disposition of Christian men to unite in characteristic unities and refuse to be separated by incidental differences. That is all very good. Nor is there serious danger of reducing too low the sum of doctrines that make a man a Christian—the veriest fundamentals surely will do that.

"But the harm of believing by minimums is the slovenly carelessness about truth which it involves—the feeling that the everlasting fact of things is indifferent—that it makes slight difference whether truth is believed or let slip.

"If, however, the Church was living its life largely, it would want to take in all truth it could apprehend. It would be eager to lay hold on more and more of it. The more truth the more contact with reality, the more contact with reality the greater fulness of living, the greater fulness of living the more use in the world—this is the ladder of genuine Christian ambition.

"The least possible belief may tide one along. But it is the greatest possible belief, seized on and clung to while more faith is striven for, which gives life the swing of triumph. The Church needs that."

Another is the minimum habit of experience:

"The Church takes the propositions of its own religion gingerly. It wants some Christian experience, but not too much.

"Christ offers to his disciples a divine companionship—a companionship that defeats temptation, pulls up sin by the roots, conquers evil trends in character, floods life with joy, kindles a light to make those who behold glorify the Father. But the Church with painful caution seeks only so much of that companionship as will not overdo the effect. It doesn't want the results too conspicuous. It consents to be good, but dreads being holy.

"Of course, something is the matter with a church trying to discover what is the least it can take of Christ without refusing him altogether. Only to accept the fulness of him and all consequences, will bring to the Church an equipment of spiritual power."

We quote these thoughts on "the minimum habit in service":

"Everybody knows a church not doing good is no good. So with the individual Christian. Therefore every Christian wants to be found doing some kind deed here or there. Each church is anxious to keep up some sort of a show of usefulness.

"But the trouble is that Church and man alike are practically always calculating on how little will suffice to do in order to be well thought of in earth and in heaven—very seldom on how much could be done if all resources were gathered in.

"The Church keeps up Sunday services, mid-week prayer-meetings, and a women's missionary society, and concludes that that much is a fair average. The man having subscribed to a benevolence or two decides he has done as well as his neighbors. Both stop there perfectly satisfied. Neither bothers about the greater 'might be.'"

A DRAMA OF REGENERATION

OUR dramatic critics often talk to us about the "well-made play," as tho that feature of the dramatic art were the be-all and end-all of the matter, but occasionally a play happens along that seems to confirm old Sam Johnson's aphorism that "the drama's laws the dramas patrons give." Such may be happening at the present moment. A play that is not a play, but a preaching, has gained a great success in New York because the audience overlooks its lack of art in the light of its spiritual message.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's symbolic play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," bids fair to rival the popularity of Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's play, "The Servant in the House." The theme of both plays is the same—the regenerative power shed by one whose traits of character are Christlike. The play is based upon a story of Mr. Jerome's that appeared long before Mr. Kennedy's play was produced, but it is suggested that the extraordinary popularity of this latter has helped to bring the present play before the footlights. The story as given in *The Tribune* is this:

"The *Stranger* comes into the most commonplace, the meanest surroundings, where everything is sordid and grimy and every one afflicted with leprosy of the soul. The air is cleared; every being within the *Stranger's* reach transformed. In a typical middle-class lodging-house, of which London has its thousands, the *Stranger* works his wonders. He rents the back room on the third floor, and instantly his radiant influence touches every life under that troubled roof. The cheating woman who keeps the lodging-house, the slavey who serves the lodgers, the lodgers themselves, first scorn, then ridicule, then learn to love him for the gentle spirit which is the grace of God in him. He wears no robe, his face resembles no portrait of the Savior of men, you are not asked to believe that he is Christ again on earth, but you see the spirit of Christ is in him as it now is in many saintly characters, and has been aforesaid; he is divine as all men are divine, but with this difference, that in him the divine spirit overflows and reaches out to all. His dress is that of any modest, gentle man of lean purse, his bearing that of gracious dignity, his voice deep, rich, and ever gentle; humor he has, for humor is divine, and his knowledge of mankind penetrates all man's weaknesses and shallows and finds their depths and the God concealed therein. It is the man within the shell he seeks, the man behind the physical veil, the spiritual being. Here, then, is the theme. But the playwright overdoes it, and the players impart to it whatever power of conviction it brings to an audience. The *Stranger*, the *Friend*, the *Passer By* is not called Christ, nor a reincarnation of him. He, indeed, is not mentioned, which is a fact of some merit, since the case is not stretched too far in that direction. If the spectator chooses to call this personage conscience the intention will be as well served. The most sensitive will find in this play nothing to disturb their religious convictions, not the faintest shadow of sacrilege."

Preachy tho this play be, and almost wholly lacking in dramatic interest and playwriting skill, says this critic, it "is to be preferred above the dishwash so plentifully spilled upon the New York stage of late." It is not denied that the tenure of life, which this play may gain will be due to the beautiful acting which must have been the explanation of its run of three hundred nights in London. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's acting of the central character is described by this critic as "strangely beautiful, wondrously delicate, convincing, and in all of these respects masterly."

Further:

"There is a sincere effort to do something worth the doing, something far above commonness, something absolutely free from vulgarity, something that is not cheapened for cheap minds. What faults there are, are the faults of the author. His theme was too great for him. Without Forbes-Robertson the play would long ago have vanished. But this eminent actor gives it beauty, dignity, and appealing power. His personality makes all."

"Forbes-Robertson is at all times worth seeing. And no actor now before the public is so well worth hearing. Tho he were to speak for three hours without interruption, he would enchant the

ear. But not even the music of his voice, nor the great art of which he is a master, can make this play ring true, as the phrase is. All the sordid inmates of that London lodging are converted in a flash. Is the world then so short on kindness? For it is the giving of kindness which instantly transforms all these creatures—the *Cheat*, the *Sloven*, the *Painted Lady*, the *Shrew*, the *Snob*, the *Bully*, the *Hussy*, the *Satyr*, the *Coward*, and the *Rogue*—transforms them spiritually and physically. In life as it is lived outside the theaters



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FORBES-ROBERTSON,

Who is appearing in the symbolic character of the *Stranger* in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The *Stranger* comes to a typical London boarding-house, and his radiant influence touches with a transforming power every life under that roof. "The most sensitive will find in this play nothing to disturb their religious convictions, not the faintest show of sacrilege."

such changes are not instantaneous but gradual; they come not from words alone, but from the living of life. Mr. Jerome waves a Harlequin's wand and the change is as quick as that of the Christmas pantomimes. There is not much help in calling his play an 'idyl.' But every one can see that he had a beautiful dream. He has not transferred to the stage the inspiring beauty of his dream. Would that he had done so! Had he been able to do so, he would have been a dramatic poet of a high order. As it is, he will be better known as the author of 'Three Men in a Boat.'

LEARNING TO FORGE PICTURES—If Mr. La Farge were not better employed in painting he might perhaps serve the public well as a detective of picture forgeries, for it seems he knows all the tricks of that underground trade. The ability to spot a false Titian, or, to bring the matter nearer home, a false Homer Martin, was acquired by him in the school of forgeries, where he thought he might learn some secrets that would benefit his own technic. The story of how he studied under a forger of paintings, "not, of course, with any idea of taking up the business, but simply, as he will tell you, that he might not miss learning anything there was to be learned about his beloved art," is told by the critic of the *New York Evening Post* thus:

"He was visiting Italy and appealed to an American acquaintance

who knew her Italy by heart to find a forger for him. She was very sorry he had not spoken of it before, but the most capable forger she knew had just made a large sum of money by selling one of his pictures to a museum, and had gone with his family to Paris to enjoy the fruits of his labor. But, ah! she recalled, he had a partner. She would hunt him up and send him to Mr. La Farge. In a short time the partner turned up at the artist's apartments, and, after he had gratefully kissed Mr. La Farge's hands when he heard what the American was willing to pay for a six months' course, and had embraced his knees when he offered to make an advance, the bargain was struck. Now, there are many things in the art of picture-forging that Mr. La Farge did not care to waste his time upon learning; such, for instance, as how to give the tone of a Titian to one of his own works; but he did wish to know something about the secrets of the old men in the preparation of their paints, etc. However, it would never do for his master to know that he was an impostor, posing as a forger in embryo, when he was really an artist of reputation; so he had to learn everything. At the end of the sixth month he was assured by 'the master' that he was in every way fitted to bring fresh glory on his new trade and he wished him every prosperity in his new career."

ECHOES OF SHAKESPEARE IN AN OLD FAMILY JAR

THE great North-Pole dispute itself is not more heatedly discussed in London, say recent dispatches, than the question of where stood the old Globe Theater of Shakespeare's day. The controversy is brought to a focal point by the selection of October 8 as the day for the unveiling of a memorial tablet marking the accepted spot. This decoration will adorn the outer wall of Barclay's Brewery, located in Park Street, on the Surrey side of the Thames. An American, Prof. Charles W. Wallace, of the University of Nebraska, exploded the bomb that has set the controversy raging by declaring that the Globe did not stand on the site of the brewery but on the opposite side of the road.

Such a modification of accepted tradition might not stir the



TO MARK THE SITE OF THE GLOBE PLAYHOUSE.

A tablet affixed to the wall of Barclay's Brewery in Park Street, London, and unveiled October 8 by Sir Herbert Tree.

pulse of the antiquarian world so vigorously were it not that Professor Wallace's declaration is accompanied by the assertion of other facts connected with the life-history of Shakespeare. The results of his investigations, says the *New York Times*, will necessitate the recasting of Shakespeare's history. "Upon many of the most obscure points in his life these discoveries shed unexpected light. Upon other points which were thought to be settled, history will be radically changed. In addition to the light

shed upon Shakespeare himself in his business dealings, the whole story of the Elizabethan and Jacobian stage will have to be modified." Professor Wallace estimates his discoveries as the most important contribution to Shakesperian knowledge made since 1747, when the dramatist's will was found by the Rev. Joseph Green, of Stratford-on-Avon, and first published in "Biographica Britannica" in 1763. The new documents, now for the first time made public, tho reported to a few scholars in Europe and America some two years ago, "change the state of knowledge concerning the origin and nature of shares in the Globe and Blackfriars, and particularly concerning Shakespeare's financial interest in those theaters." The Professor's article is published in the *New York Times* (October 3) simultaneously with its English appearance. The new knowledge all comes about through the discovery of a family quarrel leading to a suit at law which is here set forth:

"The complainant is Thomasina Osteler, a young widow of nineteen years. She was the daughter of John Hemynys, whom we best know as the lifelong friend and fellow of Shakespeare, and one of the coeditors, with Henry Condell, of the famous 1623 folio of Shakespeare's works. Nothing is known to Hemynys's biographers concerning this daughter except the register of her baptism, January 15, 1595. She is the only one of his children that Hemynys does not mention in his will.

"In the spring of 1611, at the age of sixteen, Thomasina was married to William Osteler, who had begun his stage career about 1600 as one of Queen Elizabeth's Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars, and was now a famous actor. She bore him one son, Beaumont, who was baptized in the parish of St. Mary Aldermanbury, May 18, 1612. Two years later, December 16, 1614, her young husband left her a widow.

"Thomasina was probably an attractive young woman who preferred to follow her own way rather than yield in her widowhood to parental authority again. Her father had made certain promises to her which he would fulfil if she would do her duty to him and her mother. Her attorney draws a pitiful picture of her as she goes one day—but never again—to her father's house, where, on bended knees and with tears from her eyes distilling, she does her duty with all reverence and humility. Her father is pictured, quite wrongly, as wholly unmindful of his promise, and craftily and cunningly plotting to deceive and defraud her. In such state of mind the two can not agree, and the daughter takes her case into court. . . .

"When her husband died, Thomasina procured from the Archbishop of Canterbury letters of administration. On the day of receiving these letters, December 22, 1614, she also delivered to her father, John Hemynys, two leases to be held in trust for her. These leases were for certain shares in the Globe and Blackfriars theaters acquired by her late husband.

"Within the year succeeding this delivery of the leases in trust, differences arose between father and daughter not lightly to be settled. Thomasina therefore brought suit against her father in Chancery. But that case was settled out of court, even before serving the writ of subpoena. Fresh differences immediately thereafter arose, and Thomasina had a Latin bill drawn up, apparently a translation in part of her unfiled English bill in Chancery, and arrested her father for trespass, at the common law.

"To make out her case and establish her legal rights, her attorney found it necessary to recount from legal documents then extant the history of the shares she claimed. To do this he found he had to present also the history of all the shares in the Globe and Blackfriars from their beginning.

"Thus we have the documents, with the stamp of final authority upon the history they relate."

Professor Wallace goes into great detail in his presentation of the facts upon which the aggrieved daughter of Hemynys based her case. A summary of these facts so far as they concern Shakespeare we give from the cable dispatch to the *New York Sun*:

"The case was set for trial two months prior to Shakespeare's death, and altho the suit was directed against Hemynys it was in effect against Shakespeare, the Burbages, and the whole company

of shareholders, for Hemyngs was business manager and agent of the company.

"The history recounted in the documents covers the period of Shakespeare's maturest genius, namely, from 1599, the date of the building of the Globe Theater, to his death in 1616, and the period when the Globe and the Blackfriars theaters reached their highest fame.

"Professor Wallace enters with great detail into Shakespeare's interests in the two theaters. When Osteler died in 1614 he and Shakespeare owned each one-seventh in the Blackfriars Theater and one-fourteenth in the Globe Theater. The value of the holdings varied from time to time, but when Thomasina's suit was brought Shakespeare's share in the Globe was estimated to be worth £300 and his share in the Blackfriars at the same sum.

"This made the market value of the Blackfriars £2,100 and that of the Globe £4,200. This was only an estimate. The court's valuation did not stand, for no judgment was recorded, and the case, like the previous one, was probably settled out of court.

"Professor Wallace points out that for the first time it can be said that Shakespeare's profits from the Globe did not exceed £300, which is only about half the amount hitherto supposed; while his profits from the Blackfriars were larger than supposed. The question of his income is in no wise connected with the subject of the shares as dealt with in the documents."

The location of the Globe has been supposed to be sufficiently settled to warrant a tablet marking the spot, but Professor Wallace demurs in these words:

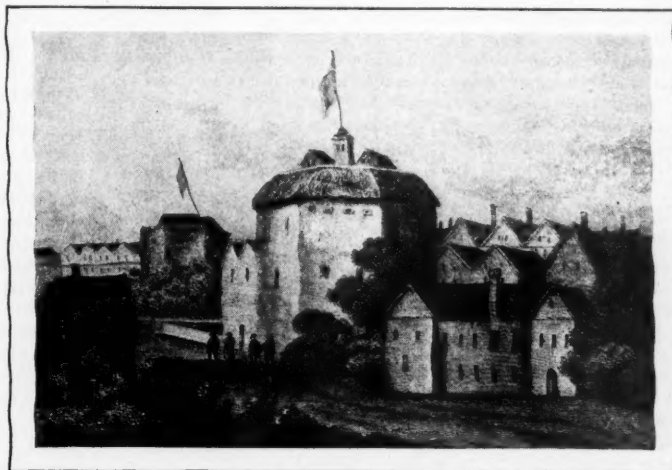
"The location of the Globe has long been a matter of interesting speculation. From the exact boundaries here furnished us, it is now for the first time correctly located as lying just between the Park on the north, and Maiden Lane on the south. The property was not quite square, but its greatest length was about 220 feet.

"It is generally known, as antiquarians and topographers have determined from maps and surveys, that Maiden Lane of Shakespeare's time, running east and west, is now Park Street. It has also for many years been supposed that the Globe occupied a portion of the site now covered by Barclay's Brewery, just south of Park Street. The present documents, however, giving exact boundaries from a contemporary lease of the grounds, finally settle the location of the Globe as being on the other side of the street. I find also that not only the Globe, but also the Rose, Bear Garden, and Hope theaters were all between Maiden Lane and the Bank-side. The Bear Garden and Hope were bounded by Maiden Lane on the south, just as the Globe was. In the final presentation, I shall show by maps the location of the Globe, where the community or some individual lover of Shakespeare should set up some suitable and durable memorial. I suggest, as the first and most permanent memorial, that the authorities restore to Park Street its original name of Maiden Lane—a name associated for all time with Shakespeare and the Globe Theater. For the present, the location with reference to Maiden Lane, the boundaries, and recent contemporary lessees, may be represented by the printer thus:

THE PARK (NORTH)

John Cornish	Four garden plots recently occupied by Thos. Burt, Isbrand Morris, and Lactantius Rope.				John Knowles
	A Way or Lane.				
John Burgram	John (two plots)		Thos. Ditcher		Wm. Sellers
	MAIDEN LANE [PARK STREET] (SOUTH)				

"Incidentally, the latest possible date of certain plays in which Osteler acted is fixed by the date of his death, December 16, 1614. They have been variously dated as from 1616 to 1623, with sometimes long arguments in proof. The simple fact settles the latest limit. These plays are John Webster's 'The Duchess of Malfi' and Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Bonduca' and 'Valentinian.' Osteler had named his only son Beaumont, evidently out of admiration for the poet in whose plays he acted.



THE GLOBE THEATER.

As it is represented in an old print of the time of Shakespeare. The exact spot of its site in modern London is exciting discussion that vies in fervor with the North-Pole dispute.

"The new documents are of high value, not only to Shakespearian biography, but also to the stage history of the time. In the matter of showing the origin and history of shares in London theaters and opening up details of ownership, management, employment of other actors, they are of inestimable worth."

HOW SHAW MAKES ENEMIES

NO friend or enemy of Bernard Shaw need doubt any longer the reason why. Like every author, he makes friends and enemies, and while there may be several reasons why he makes friends, G. K. Chesterton thinks that Shaw's vein of "erratic levity," his "explosion of ineptitude," has made him all his enemies. He gives people an uncomfortable sense that they are being made fools of. This, of course, Mr. Chesterton assures us, is superfluous, and we must doubtless trust his word for the facts of the real essence of Shaw, for he starts off his recently published book entitled "George Bernard Shaw" by saying:

"Most people either say that they agree with Bernard Shaw or that they do not understand him. I am the only person who understands him, and I do not agree with him."

Mr. Chesterton's most serious point of disagreement has to do with Shaw's levity. For regarding him as "the most savagely serious man of his time," he finds him on occasion breaking out like "a mere music-hall artist." Mr. Chesterton goes on to elaborate his idea of this fault thus:

"It is a fault only to be mentioned when we have made the solidity of the merits quite clear. To say that Shaw is merely making game of people is demonstrably ridiculous; at least a fairly systematic philosophy can be traced through all his jokes, and one would not insist on such a unity in all the songs of Mr. Dan Leno. I have already pointed out that the genius of Shaw is really too harsh and earnest rather than too merry and irresponsible. I shall have occasion to point out later that Shaw is, in one very serious sense, the very opposite of paradoxical. In any case, if any real student of Shaw says that Shaw is only making a fool of him, we can only say that of that student it is very superfluous

for any one to make a fool. But tho the dramatist's jests are always serious and generally obvious, he is really affected from time to time by a certain spirit . . . that can only be called one of senseless ingenuity. I suppose it is a sort of Nemesis of wit; the skidding of a wheel in the height of its speed. Perhaps it is connected with the nomadic nature of his mind. That lack of roots, this remoteness from ancient instincts and traditions, is responsible for a certain bleak and heartless extravagance of statement on certain subjects which makes the author really unconvincing as well as exaggerative; satires that are *saugrenu*, jokes that are rather silly than wild, statements which even considered as lies have no symbolic relation to truth. They are exaggerations of something that does not exist. For instance, if a man called Christmas Day a mere hypocritical excuse for drunkenness and gluttony that would be false, but it would have a fact hidden in it somewhere. But when Bernard Shaw says that Christmas Day is only a conspiracy kept up by poulterers and wine merchants from strictly business motives, then he says something which is not so much false as startlingly and arrestingly foolish. He might as well say that the two sexes were invented by jewelers who wanted to sell wedding-rings. Or again, take the case of nationality and the unit of patriotism. If a man said that all boundaries between clans, kingdoms, or empires were nonsensical or non-existent, that would be a fallacy, but a consistent and philosophical fallacy. But when Mr. Bernard Shaw says that England matters so little that the British Empire might very well give up these islands to Germany, he has not only got hold of the sow by the wrong ear but the wrong sow by the wrong ear; a mythical sow, a sow that is not there at all. If Britain is unreal, the British Empire must be a thousand times more unreal. It is as if one said, 'I do not believe that Michael Scott ever had any existence; but I am convinced, in spite of the absurd legend, that he had a shadow.'

A PERIL SEEN BY PRESIDENT LOWELL

THE new president of Harvard sees the college passing through a transitional period which is fraught with danger. Evidence of this, he thinks, is to be seen in "the comparatively small estimation in which high proficiency in college studies is held both by undergraduates and by the public at large." Again this may be seen "in the absence, among instructors as well as students, of fixt principles by which the choice of study ought to be guided," and "more markedly still in the lack of any accepted view of the ultimate object of a college education." In this latter respect the view most often exprest of late is that the college should prepare for the study of a definite profession, and that the subjects pursued should be such as will furnish knowledge directly useful for that end.

Dr. Lowell points out in his inaugural address the implications of such a view by asking "if so, would it not be better to transfer all instruction of this kind to the professional schools, reducing the age of entrance thereto and leaving the general studies for a college course of diminished length, or perhaps surrendering them altogether to the secondary schools?" Where we should land he indicates thus:

"The logical result of the policy would be that of Germany, where the university is in effect a collection of professional schools and the underlying general education is given in the gymnasium. Such a course has, indeed, been suggested, for it has been proposed to transfer so far as possible to the secondary schools the first two years of college instruction and to make the essential work of the university professional in character. But that requires a far higher and better type of secondary school than we possess or are likely to possess for many years. Moreover, excellent as the German system is for Germany, it is not wholly suited to our Republic, which can not, in my opinion, afford to lose the substantial, if intangible, benefits the nation has derived from its colleges. Surely, the college can give freedom of thought, a breadth of outlook, a training for citizenship, which neither the secondary nor the professional school in this country can equal.

"Even persons who do not share this view of a professional aim have often urged that in order to save college education in the

conditions that confront us we must reduce its length. May we not feel that the most vital measure for saving the college is not to shorten its duration, but to insure that it shall be worth saving? Institutions are rarely murdered; they meet their end by suicide. They are not strangled by their natural environment while vigorous; they die because they have outlived their usefulness or fail to do the work that the world wants done; and we are justified in believing that the college of the future has a great work to do for the American people."

If then the college is not to suffer extinction by either of the two methods which are pointed out, we must, says President Lowell, "construct a new solidarity to replace that which is gone." He indicates what he thinks it should be:

"The task before us is to frame a system which, without sacrificing individual variation too much or neglecting the pursuit of different scholarly interests, shall produce an intellectual and social cohesion, at least among large groups of students, and points of contact among them all. This task is not confined to any one college, altho more urgent in the case of those that have grown the largest and have been moving most rapidly. A number of colleges are feeling their way toward a more definite structure, and since the problem before them is in many cases essentially the same, it is fortunate that they are assisting one another by approaching it from somewhat different directions. What I have to say upon the subject here is, therefore, intended mainly for the conditions we are called upon to face at Harvard.

"It is worth our while to consider the nature of an ideal college as an integral part of our university; ideal, not in the sense of something to be exactly reproduced, but of a type to which we should conform as closely as circumstances will permit. It would contemplate the highest development of the individual student—which involves the best equipment of the graduate. It would contemplate also the proper connection of the college with the professional schools; and it would adjust the relation of the students to one another. Let me take up these matters in their order.

"The individual student ought clearly to be developed, so far as possible, both in his strong and in his weak points, for the college ought to produce, not defective specialists, but men intellectually well rounded, of wide sympathies and unfettered judgment. At the same time they ought to be trained to hard and accurate thought, and this will not come merely by surveying the elementary principles of many objects. It requires a mastery of something, acquired by continuous application. Every student ought to know in some subject what the ultimate sources of opinion are, and how they are handled by those who profess it. Only in this way is he likely to gain the solidity of thought that begets sound thinking. In short, he ought, so far as in him lies, to be both broad and profound.

"In speaking of the training of the student, or the equipment of the graduate, we are prone to think of the knowledge acquired; but are we not inclined to lay too much stress upon knowledge alone? Taken by itself it is a part, and not the most vital part, of education. Surely the essence of a liberal education consists in an attitude of mind, a familiarity with methods of thought, an ability to use information rather than a memory stocked with facts, however valuable such a storehouse may be. In his farewell address to the alumni of Dartmouth President Tucker remarked that 'the college is in the educational system to represent the spirit of amateur scholarship. College students are amateurs, not professionals.' Or, as President Hadley is fond of putting it, 'The ideal college education seems to me to be one where a student learns things that he is not going to use in after-life, by methods that he is going to use. The former element gives the breadth, the latter element gives the training.'

"But if this be true, no method of ascertaining truth, and therefore no department of human thought, ought to be wholly a sealed book to an educated man. It has been truly said that few men are capable of learning a new subject after the period of youth has passed, and hence the graduate ought to be so equipped that he can grasp effectively any problem with which his duties or his interest may impel him to deal. An undergraduate, addicted mainly to the classics, recently spoke to his adviser in an apologetic tone of having elected a course in natural science, which he feared was narrowing. Such a state of mind is certainly deplorable, for in the present age some knowledge of the laws of nature is an essential part of the mental outfit which no cultivated man should lack."

Armstrong, Charles Wicksteed. *The Mystery of Existence. In the Light of an Optimistic Philosophy.* 12mo, pp. 131. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Bain, R. Nisbet. *The Last King of Poland.* 8vo, pp. 296. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is not easy to realize the importance of a sovereign in the history of a country until we have studied the life of a weak or wicked one. It may, for instance, be said without fear of contradiction that had Stanislaus II. of Poland possessed the masculine mind of that Catharine whose minion he had been, his country would never have fallen a prey to the spoliation of Russia, Austria, and Prussia. But the only influence that the grand duchess had over Poniatowski was for the bad. From the letters and memoirs of which Mr. Bain makes so faithful a use, we learn all the particulars of that vulgar intrigue in which Poniatowski won a throne by pandering to the passions of a dissolute princess. It was Catharine II. who practically raised Stanislaus to supreme power in Poland, but a want of moral fiber, and a faint-heartedness too common in the decadent Poland of his time, made him incapable of controlling the anarchical forces which rent his kingdom into so many jarring factions. "Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell," says the poet, but freedom was really sacrificed long before the hero of Saratoga, the companion of Washington, laid down his life in a patriotic struggle for his people's independence. His famous saying, *Finis Polonia*—Poland's end, was really pronounced by the submission of Stanislaus.

Mr. Nisbet Bain has written for us this mournful chapter in the history of a decadent nation, with a brilliancy and point not common excepting in the writings of French historians. The tale is as exciting as a romance, and reflects much of that realistic description of manners, good and bad, which we find in the works of Balzac. For Stanislaus, like the French romancer, Baron Hulot, was a man all temperament, but destitute of character. Of course as measured by the standard of his time, he formed a picturesque figure, and played a part ignoble indeed but not altogether

without traits of sentimental attraction. Such is the impression we derive from reading a very interesting volume. The sixteen illustrations add considerably to the value of these personal memoirs.

Barbour, Ralph Henry. *Captain Chub.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 413. New York: Century Co. \$1.50.

Barr, Robert. *Cardillac.* Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 366. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

Barton, James L. *Daybreak in Turkey.* 12mo, pp. 294. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.50 net.

The text of this book seems to be that modern ideas, leading to political revolution and the establishment of constitutionalism, have been introduced into the Near East largely through the channel of missionary enterprise. This is what the Germans would call the *tendenz* of a most interesting work. But in dealing with this theme Mr. Barton has given us a concise and comprehensive idea of what is meant by Turkey, racially, geographically, and as regards religion. The book was written, he says, up to the last chapter before the new régime came in, and so true was its description of the present and its predictions for the future that the last chapter, on "Constitutional Government," fell in quite naturally with all that preceded it. With regard to the fate of Turkey and its new parliament he rather discouragingly records the words of "an old and experienced diplomat," who remarked: "I have studied Turkey from within and without for thirty years, and have carefully weighed the diverse forces which are operating in the empire. I have come to one clear and final conclusion which I am certain will stand the test of time, and this is, that I do not know anything about what the future will produce."

The Christian missionaries have introduced into Turkey education after modern lines, modern medicine, and the modern printing-press. They have elevated the Turkish woman. It is plainly shown by Mr. Barton that "the missionaries are working more directly than any other men to complete the social evolution of mankind, and to make possible the peaceful federation of mankind."

The book is eminently readable, the writer a broad-minded political thinker, and no more timely contribution to the discussion of the Turkish question from one point of view has come into our hands.

Beach, Rex. *The Silver Horde.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 389. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

Bellamy, William. *More Charades.* 16mo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1 net.

Brooks, Amy. *Prue at School.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 236. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. *Sonnets from the Portuguese.* 16mo. New York: Duffield & Co.

Burton, Richard. *From the Book of Life. Poems.* 12mo, pp. 94. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25 net.

Carrington, Hereward. *Hindu Magic.* 12mo, pp. 52. London: The Annals of Psychical Research.

Mr. Carrington has undertaken to show the methods by which Hindu fakirs and yogis perform their feats. He gives in detail, with illustrations, explanations of methods used in what are known as the "Mango-tree," "Basket," "Dry Sands," "Diving," "Snake Charming," and "Voluntary Interment" tricks. His explanations are based on information obtained at first hand. While he does not assert that all these performances are the result of fraud and trickery, a large proportion

of them are, in the same sense that "the vast bulk of mediumistic phenomena in our own country are fraud and trickery."

Cesare, R. de. *The Last Days of Papal Rome.* Translated from the Italian by Helen Zimmern. 8vo, pp. 488. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.50 net.

The present work includes the period from the return of Pope Pius IX. from Gaeta under the escort of Ferdinand II. of Naples up to the occupation of Rome by the Italian army and the establishment of the civil government in that city as the capital of the nation.

Pius IX. returned to the city no longer the eager reformer who had wished for the establishment of a representative government for the Papal States. His attempt to establish such an institution in 1847 was unsuccessful because of the new spirit which had swept over Italy and was impatient of ecclesiastical domination. The many reforms which he had inaugurated at the beginning of his reign did much to establish his reputation as a liberal and progressive ruler. He found, however, that if he could not withstand the ascendancy of Mazzini in the sphere of civil politics, he could still assert the authority of the papacy on theological lines. His promulgation of the dogma which asserted the Immaculate Conception in 1854 was only the preface to a still more sweeping vindication of his authority. Of this promulgation in December 8, 1854, made in the presence of fifty-four cardinals, forty-two archbishops, twenty-three bishops, and several patriarchs, Mr. De Cesare writes:

"The festival [at St. Peter's] on that day was magnificent. After chanting the Gospel, first in Latin, then in Greek, Cardinal Macchi, deacon of the Sacred College, together with the senior archbishops and bishops present, all approached the papal throne, pronouncing these words in Latin: 'Deign, most Holy Father, to lift your Apostolic voice and pronounce the dogmatic Decree of the Immaculate Conception. . . . The pope, replying, stated that he welcomed the wish of the Sacred College, the episcopate, and the clergy, and declared



From Bain's "Last King of Poland."

STANISLAUS II., LAST KING OF POLAND, AFTER HIS SURRENDER TO RUSSIA.



From Bain's "Last King of Poland."

SOPHIA, COUNTESS POTOCKI.

Count Felix Potocki, married to Panna, one of the greatest heiresses of Poland, "divorced her as soon as he was able to do so, with an allowance of £40,000 a year," says R. Nisbet Bain, "and married instead a beautiful Greek slave of whom we only know that her Christian name was Sophia and that she had been brought from Stamboul."

that it was first of all necessary to invoke the help of the Holy Spirit. So saying he intoned the *Veni Creator*, chanted in chorus by all present. The chant concluded, amid solemn silence Pius IX.'s finely modulated voice read the decree. . . . Amid the roar of cannon from Fort St. Angelo and the festive ringing of church bells the solemn act was accomplished."

It is curious to read that "on October 2 of the same year the first telegraph line from Rome to Terracina was inaugurated" and to find that on his railroad journey to Civita Vecchia the Pope occupied "a special, very luxurious carriage, made in Paris, all gold and white, composed of a drawing-room, an oratory, and a dressing-room." Truly the old order was yielding place to the new! But the indomitable courage of Pius IX. was not to be daunted by all the revolutionary ferment that raged around him. At the celebration of the third centenary of the Council of Trent a plan had been put forth for convening an Ecumenical Council in Rome to elevate the temporal power into a dogma. It was proposed that the heads of the Catholic States, especially the Emperor Francis Joseph and Queen Isabella of Spain, should assist at the promulgation. But Austria was forced to recognize the kingdom of Italy by the war of 1866 and Queen Isabella was deposed, while Catholic France felt her prestige gone in face of Germany after Sadowa. The papal organ, *Civiltà Cattolica*, wisely proposed that papal infallibility should be decreed instead of the temporal power. The council was held 1869. Much opposition was met with and many curious arguments put in support of the doctrine. "The bishop of Poitiers said that since St. Peter was crucified head downward, thus causing the whole weight of his body to fall upon his head, it proved that the Pope was the foundation of the Church and therefore infallible." The protest of the Archbishop of Bologna was met by the Pope's sarcastic sentence: "Well, Cardinal, you have made an unworthy and heretical speech; you desire to return to Bologna, and doubtless you will be much esteemed by the Italian Revolutionists, but you will not return without having first subscribed to a new profession of faith." When another bishop put forth tradition as a ground of dissent, Mr. de Cesare tells us that "Pius IX. angrily interrupted him with, 'I am tradition.'" The cannon of St. Angelo roared and the bells rang in spite of everything over the promulgation of the decree. But other cannons were very soon to roar. The end of temporal power which for centuries had done so much to rule the storm in medieval Europe was come; the power that had so often represented justice in politics, light amid intellectual darkness, and had often brought peace instead of war, and maintained order amid civil chaos, was now found to be out of date. "God broke the consecrated tool whose work was done." The king had sent his ultimatum to the Vatican. On September 20, 1870, the royal artillery opened fire on the papal city. On the morning of September 21 the papal flag was lowered on the Castel San Angelo and Pius IX. wrote to his nephew Luigi: "All is over! Without liberty it is impossible to govern the Church." Mr. De Cesare, speaking of the seclusion of the Pope in the Vatican, remarks:

"Any city but Rome would have been unfitted to make this great experiment of harboring within its walls a dispossessed Pope and an elected King; a religious and a civil sovereignty; the Papacy, which was beginning to recognize some necessities of the new era, and the monarchy, needful to the unity of the nation."

It is in this tone of impartiality that the whole of this splendid chapter in history is written, and it is not needful to say anything more in commendation of an Italian writer who had previously produced "The End of a Kingdom."

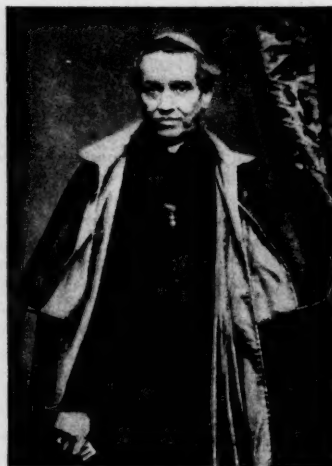
Clarke, William Newton. *Sixty Years with the Bible. A Record of Experience.* 12mo, pp. 259. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Craven, Priscilla. *The Pride of the Graftons.* 12mo, pp. 325. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Crothers, Samuel McChord. *Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Autocrat and His Fellow-Boarders. With Selected Poems.* Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 64. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.

Curtis, Alice Turner. *The Little Heroine at School.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 323. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.25.

Daulton, Agnes McClelland. *From Sioux to Susan.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 342. New York: Century Co. \$1.50.



From Cesare's "Last Days of Pius IX."
CARDINAL ANTONELLI, CHIEF MINISTER OF POPE PIUS IX.

Davies, Maria Thompson. *Miss Selina Lue and the Soap-Box Babies.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 221. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill Co.

Du Bois, Mary Constance. *The Lass of the Silver Sword.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 418. New York: Century Co. \$1.50.

Dudley, Albertus T. *The School Four.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 312. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.25.

Duff, J. Wight. *A Literary History of Rome.* 8vo, pp. 695. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.20.

The time has gone by when boys began their education by a laborious attempt at writing the lyrics of Horace, the verse of Vergil and Ovid, and the prose of Cicero. It is seldom nowadays that we hear a man of education quoting from "Georgics" or even the "Ars Poetica." But the undying influence of the Augustan age still remains with us, albeit it may simply be that Latin literature permeates English and therefore American literature with the persistency of an inherited tradition and the force of a racial instinct. It is for this very reason that such works as that which we have before us are valuable. Literary works about literature are not always the best aids to taste and education. It is, however, always profitable to analyze the secrets of style in such writers as Milton and Tennyson and very often such secrets

are best apprehended by a reference to a writer whom the English singer address in the words:

"I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved thee since my days began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure ever molded by the lips of man."

We do not know any work of moderate dimensions which is more likely to revive or whet an appetite for Latin literature than Professor Duff's manual. It is packed full of information, and its critical remarks are sound and good. The "unarmorial impassivity" of Sallust, the "epigrammatic terseness" of Nepos, the splendor of Cicero, the overwrought but melancholy picturesqueness of Vergil, are all done justice to in this occasionally eloquent treatise. How happy is this description of Terence and how true: "As in the eighteenth century, there is no horror of the commonplace, provided it be rendered in consummate form." "What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." This is the secret of Terence's wealth of phrases, eminently quotable for pith, point, or balance."

The same acuteness of characterization distinguishes all the professor's criticisms. We recommend the book to all who love classical literature and classical associations with the happy verdict of this writer. "Hellenism notwithstanding, the civilization of Rome, principles, aspirations, esthetics, remained Roman. The Roman borrowed in a Roman way." Perhaps we ought not to feel a certain sadness in reading the words of this learned and enthusiastic classical scholar: "In great measure, Latin has been relegated to the notes, and English translations given in the text, so as to render it more continuously readable for those who know little Latin." Yes, those who know much Latin are now in deplorable minority, but such works as the present bright and entertaining volume will certainly move those that know little to furbish and retain it, or even to add to it under the stimulus of the writer's knowledge and enthusiasm.

Eggleston, George Cary. *Irene of the Mountains.* Pp. 437. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Eggleston's romance takes us back to the Virginia of a half-century ago. The author has not only secured good material for his story, but has mastered the more difficult art of putting it in attractive form. Moreover, by sinking his own personality and allowing his characters to speak for themselves, he engages the reader's interested attention from the start.

Irene is the child of humble, unlettered mountaineers and has little prospect of rising above her lowly condition. She is far superior to her kinsfolk, but hardly fitted to enter cultured society; in her own words, she has "learned just enough to spoil things." At last, however, the prospective governor of Virginia interests himself in her future and despite the prevalent prejudices concerning class distinctions, gives her the educational advantages for which she so passionately longs. Fortunately for Irene's later happiness, her lover proves himself a manly, democratic young fellow who has the courage of his convictions.

No review would be complete without a word about Judy Peters. Her amusing, idiomatic speech serves to enliven many

a page. Rough, illiterate, swayed wholly by feminine caprice, she nevertheless is so potent a factor in the community that her favor is sought even by shrewd politicians. It is her voice that decides more than one election.

A genuine pleasure awaits the reader of "Irene of the Mountains," for no prettier story of Southern life has appeared in a long time.

Eldred, Warren L. *The Lookout Island Campers.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 341. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.

Eldridge, William Tillinghast. *An American Princess.* Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 255. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50.

Ellis, Katharine Ruth. *The Wide Awake Girls in Winsted.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 293. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

Elson, Henry W. *Star-Gazer's Hand-Book. A Brief Guide for Amateur Students of Astronomy.* 16mo, pp. 55. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. Fifty cents.

Elson, Henry William. *A Child's Guide to American History.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 364. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.25 net.



WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.
Author of "A Certain Rich Man."

Fairbanks, Mrs. Charles Mason. [Compiler.] *The Sense and Sentiment of Thackeray, Being Selections from the Works and Correspondence of William Makepeace Thackeray.* Frontispiece. 16mo, pp. 155. New York: Harper & Bros.

Fuller, Hubert Bruce. *The Speakers of the House.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 311. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Fuller has aimed "to give a brief, dispassionate story of the development of power" in the speaker of the House of Representatives. When Congress was first organized in 1789, the speaker was "merely a moderator who presided over sessions with calm deliberation and impartial favor." His prestige lay, not in his power so much as in the honor which the position gave him. Now, however, after an interval of one hundred and twenty years, he has become "quite the most potent factor in American legislative life." In fact, he is "the absolute arbiter of our national legislation." Mr. Fuller discusses first the office of speaker, as it existed before 1789 in England and in our own Colonial legislatures. He then devotes nine chapters to the powers and duties of the speaker, as they were modified in successive congresses from Muhlenberg, the first speaker, down to the present holder of the office, Mr. Cannon. Henry Clay he calls "the greatest of American speakers." Much attention is also given to James G. Blaine and

Thomas B. Reed. In a final chapter he gives a résumé of the speaker's office as it exists to-day in England and America, and points out contrasts as to dignity, rewards, and the years spent in retirement. The book has been very well put together.

Furlong, Charles Wellington. *The Gateway to the Sahara. Observations and Experiences in Tripoli.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 306. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Gilman, Bradley. *A Son of the Desert.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 303. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.

Godfrey, Hollis. *For the Norton Name.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 238. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

Goodwin, Maud Wilder. *Veronica Playfair.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 319. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

Greene, Frances Nimmo. *Into the Night. A Story of New Orleans.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 369. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.20 net.

Guinness, H. Grattan. *On This Rock.* 12mo, pp. 227. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1 net.

Hall, Eliza Calvert. *The Land of Long Ago.* pp. 295. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

An opportunity is presented in Eliza Calvert Hall's new book to renew our acquaintance with that kind philosopher of Blue-Grass fame—Aunt Jane. Her reminiscences are of a generation gone by—one that spoke a different language and thought other thoughts than our own. Yet Aunt Jane herself is strangely progressive for one who lived in the Land of Long Ago. Not only is she alive to our latter-day problems such as child labor, the suffrage question, and race suicide, but has a pertinent comment on each and says these efforts to grapple with wrong remind her of the coming of the kingdom of God on earth. Even the Browning Club does not wholly overwhelm the quaint old lady who tries to extract from its intelligibility a message for herself.

Her recollections are both pathetic and humorous. "The Courtship of Miss Amoryllis," a dainty, old-fashioned romance, is especially good. In "An Eye for an Eye" Aunt Jane expatiates upon the folly of postponing the kind word or deed until it is valueless. "The Marriage Problem in Goshen" embodies a lecture on the divorce evil. As a whole, "The Land of Long Ago" is the reflection of a broad, sympathetic soul who would not allow herself to die of "housekeepin' disease," took plenty of time to live in the great out-of-doors, and firmly believed that she never had a sorrow but there was a happiness coming to make up for it.

Hapgood, Hutchins. *The Spirit of the Ghetto. Studies of the Jewish Quarter in New York.* With drawings from life by Jacob Epstein. Revised edition. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.25 net.

Of Mr. Hapgood's documentary book, now seven years old, it has seemed wise to him, as well as to his publishers, to bring out a new edition, not only because of the existing demand for the book, but because also of its value as a record of conditions on the lower East Side of New York before the migrations of recent years had modified or obliterated the picturesque conditions long existing there. Mr. Hapgood, in a new preface, declares that, while the new things have gained over the old ones, conditions as described in the first edition still remain true in this neighborhood, but they are not quite so true as they once were.

Karben, Will N. *The Redemption of Kenneth Galt.* Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 350. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

Holland, Rupert S. *The Man in the Tower.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 311. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

Holt, L. Emmett. *The Care and Feeding of Children. A Catechism for the Use of Mothers and Children's Nurses.* New and Revised Edition. 16mo, pp. 195. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 75 cents.

Johnson, Clifton. *The Picturesque Hudson.* Pp. 227. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

At first thought it would seem that the last word had been said concerning the Rhine of America. Its romantic history will, nevertheless, bear retelling and especially timely is the present volume coming as it does when the celebration of its discovery is so recent. More comprehensive than the average guide-book, it likewise shows evidence of those personal touches that only an interested traveler in thorough sympathy with his subject can impart to a work of this character. There is a generous supply of excellent illustrations.

After an introductory chapter or two regarding the general characteristics of the Hudson, its geological history, and a sketch of its discoverer, the author proceeds up



MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT.
Author of "Popea at the Post-Office."

the river, taking villages, towns, mountains, and islands in turn, discoursing upon each so entertainingly that a perusal of the book is almost equal to the trip itself. Frequent reference is made to the noted men—Irrving, Fulton, Morse, Burroughs, and others—who either through temporary or permanent association with the river have enriched its history. The significance of place-names, many of them of Indian origin and suggestive of some fanciful legend, has not been overlooked. Considerable space is devoted to the subject of fishing, as well as the brick and ice industries.

Throughout the book copious extracts from Irving supplement the text. In fact it would hardly be possible to give an adequate picture of the Hudson without drawing largely upon the one who above all others has invested this noble stream with a magic charm. As Mr. Johnson truly says, Irving is the true discoverer of the Hudson, which he calls his first and last love.

Jowett, J. H. *The High Calling. Meditations on St. Paul's Letter to the Philippians.* 12mo, pp. 252. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.25 net.

Klette, C. H. B. *The Lost Mine of Mono. A Tale of the Sierra Nevada.* 12mo, pp. 215. New York: Cochran Publishing Co. \$1.65.

Lincoln, Jonathan Thayer. *The City of the Dinner-Pail.* 12mo, pp. 186. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

Lucas, E. V. *A Wanderer in Paris.* Illustrations in color by Walter Dexter. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75 net.

Mr. Lucas is the best possible guide for the super-traveler. So far, to be sure, he hasn't gone far afield; two cities, London and Paris, and one country, Holland, being the extent of his "wanderings" on paper. Paris is his latest book and one will say his best if one loves Paris better than London. But upon reflection one can not be sure that Mr. Lucas himself does, so his book on London may retain its preeminence. His are not guide-books for the man of little reading; nor for the man of rapid transit who has to do his Paris in a day or two and be on to Berlin or Munich or where not. They require preparation both in the history and the literature the art, the drama and the music, in astronomy, in folk-lore, in everything in fact that has to do with super-civilization. If one brings all these to the business of seeing a city Mr. Lucas will look out that one misses nothing of importance. He seems never to have forgotten anything that he has once read, and he has all his resources on tap at the right moment; yet one never feels a sense of suffocation from his profusion. One's dearest wish may be that Mr. Lucas shall live long enough to go on ahead to all the cities one wants to know in the way he alone of guides is able to instruct us.

McCarthy, Denis A. *A Round of Rimes.* 12mo, pp. 113. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1 net.

McCutcheon, George Barr. *Truxton King.* Pp. 369. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

This most recent addition to the Graustark series will be welcomed by all those who have made the acquaintance of that stirring little principality. At the time of the present story its ruler is the young son of Princess Yette and her American husband who figured so prominently in "Graustark." One can not help loving the winning little chap, who is quite as interested in fishing and like sports dear to every normal boy as in the heavier matters of state. Tho under the nominal control of certain prominent Graustarkians, he is really being brought up by an American friend of his father's who styles himself the little prince's "morganatic god-father." Outside this circle of friends is a plotting, outlawed count, whose tools are a dangerous band of anarchists who for a long period have been concocting deadly plans for the overthrow of the kingdom.

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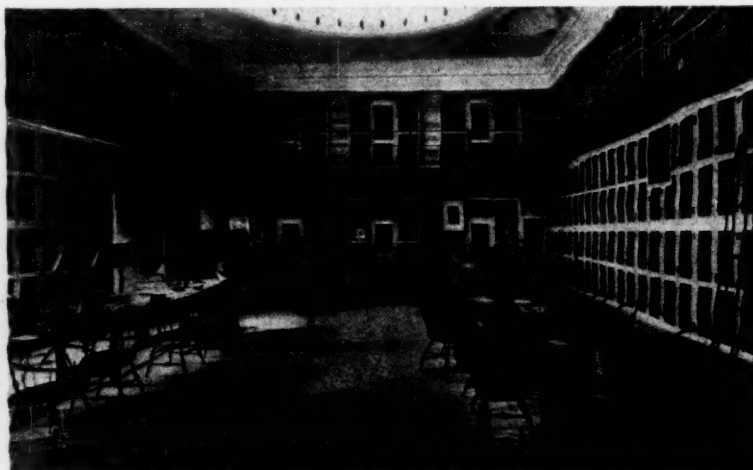
Of whose "Life, Letters, and Journals" a new edition has just been issued.

the point of deluding ourselves that such is really the case, King spoils the situation by some glaring Americanism or the man from Cook's with his personally conducted tours puts in an appearance. However, we are not sorry that American pluck and resourcefulness win out even at the expense of artistic handling. The Harrison Fisher illustrations in color are a pleasing feature.

Monroe, Harriet Earhart. *Washington: Its Sights and Insights.* New and revised edition. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 184. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.

Mrs. Monroe designed this book especially for the use of visitors to Washington who are unfamiliar with its life and scenes. It is something more than an ordinary guide-book both in text and in illustrations. Its former successful publication has induced the thorough revision it has now undergone. The text has been to a considerable extent rewritten and amplified. The same thorough treatment has been applied to the illustrations, which have been adapted to changes in conditions, including the inauguration of President Taft.

Murray, Clara. *Story Land.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 224. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 50 cents.



From the "Life, Letters, and Journals" of George Ticknor.

THE TICKNOR ROOM IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Nicolay, Helen. *The Boys' Life of Ulysses S. Grant.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 378. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.

Miss Nicolay, who is a daughter of John G. Nicolay, the biographer of Lincoln, is already known as the author of a successful "Boys' Life of Lincoln." In the present work she has freely used the standard biographies, as well as Grant's own "Memoirs." In brief compass she has endeavored to present only such incidents as would appeal particularly to the readers for whom "the book is designed," at the same time avoiding anything which might present "a distorted picture."

Oppenheim, James. *Doctor Rast.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 321. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50.

O'Shea, M. V. *Social Development and Education.* 12mo, pp. 561. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.

If the American child of the future does not grow up into an efficient social factor it will not be for the want of earnest laborers for his development and education. The *enfant terrible*, the son whom the old Mosaic law ordered to be stoned outside the city, and the Dinah of modern life, must certainly become extinct if such teachings as those of the school represented by Professor O'Shea become assimilated and applied by the parents of the rising generation.

There have always been two ways of educating a child. There is the theory advocated by Rousseau that the right rearing of young human beings consisted in letting them develop their own individuality without repression, much less the application of punishment of any sort. In Rousseau's ideal nursery no child should be under orders, and the notion of awe for elders is absurd. Experience must be the only tutor of children and the maxim "the scorched child dreads the fire" is to be the sole restraining influence in the young, who will learn to shun greediness because it results in discomfort and to do spontaneously what they know their parents desire because they are then rewarded by their favor. The apotheosis of the child was completed by Froebel or at least by those of his followers who think that "the spark of divinity" in every infant renders him exempt from the coercion of his elders.

Exactly opposed to this theory is that of John Locke, who in his famous essay on Education laid down the rule, "Would you have your son obedient to you when past a child, be sure, then, to establish the authority of a father as soon as he is capable of submission and can understand in whose power he is."

The object of the present work is to reconcile these two methods so as to produce the best result. The child is to be trained and restrained but not stunted or tyrannized over. Professor O'Shea divides his work into two parts in the first of which we find a profound and detailed analysis of ordinary child nature, with its inherent passions and

(Continued on page 638)

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A GUIDE TO THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 636)

predilections, good and bad. In the second part of the treatise the education of the child is taken up from a national, social, and educational standpoint. As a proof of the searching and precise nature of the writer's investigations we may cite some "exercises and problems," which he adds in an appendix for the benefit of his pupils in the School of Education at Wisconsin University. One of these problems is: "Give concrete cases in which a public-school pupil may be taught respect for what society has considered necessary for its welfare." A far more subtle problem is propounded in the words: "What is the effect upon the young of such songs as: 'Little Annie Rooney,' 'There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night,' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'The Star Spangled Banner,' 'Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?'" etc.

The work is enriched by an ample bibliography and a good index.

Otis, Edward O. *The Great White Plague—Tuberculosis.* 12mo, pp. 321. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1 net.

Poe, Edgar Allan. *Tales of.* With 25 illustrations from original designs by Frederick Simpson Coburn. 12mo, pp. 491. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The tales chosen for this collection are twenty in number and include the most famous. Mr. Coburn's illustrations are twenty-five in number, each a full page in size and distinctive as to conception and treatment.

Randall, J. Herman. *The Supreme Victory. The Conquest of Fear and Worry. The Psychology of Prayer; The Rebirth of Religion, Spiritual Consciousness, The Re-Discovery of Jesus; Mind and Body, Mind and Medicine, Physical Wholeness; The Subconscious Mind, Powers and Possibilities, Faith as a Vital Force; The Power of Suggestion, The Law of Suggestion, Auto-Suggestion; The Real God, The Universal Mind and the Divinity of Man; Man's Undeveloped Powers, Awakening Latent Mental Powers, The Achievement of Character.* Seven vols. 16mo. New York: H. M. Caldwell Co.

Ray, Anna Chapin. *Janet at Odds.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 319. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

Rhodes, Nina. *Dorothy Brown. A Story for Girls.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 416. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.

Rhodes, D. P. *The Philosophy of Change.* 12mo, pp. 389. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2 net.

Robbins, Anne Manning. *Both Sides of the Veil. A Personal Experience.* 12mo, pp. 253. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1.25 net.

Rowland, Eleanor Harris. *The Right to Believe.* 12mo, pp. 202. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

Ryan, Marah Ellis. *The Flute of the Gods.* Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 338. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50 net.

Sabin, Edwin L. *Bar B Boys, or, The young Cow-Punchers.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 386. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.

Scott, C. A. Dawson. *Treasure Trove.* 12mo, pp. 373. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

Sharts, Joseph. *The Black Sheep.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 303. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

Singleton, Esther. *Dutch New York.* With numerous illustrations. 8vo, pp. 350. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50 net.

Miss Singleton's volume is not a compilation from other writers, as have been so many of her books describing great rivers, buildings, paintings, etc., but an original contribution to history. It is obviously the result of long and exhaustive research. Miss Singleton deals, not with the political and industrial affairs of early New York, but with the domestic life and thus presents a picture of actual social condition, such as never before has been at all adequately presented by any writer.

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Smith, Frederick M. *The Stolen Signet*. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 314. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

Smith, Mary P. Wells. *Boys and Girls of Seventy-Seven*. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 315. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

Spalding, J. Howard. *The Spiritual World*. As Described in the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. 16mo, pp. 96. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 60 cents net.

Stephens, Kate. *Stories from Old Chronicles*. Chosen and edited with Brief Introductions to the Stories and a General Introduction. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 363. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.50.

Stoddard, W. L. *The New Golfer's Almanac*. Carefully compiled and computed on an Ingenious Astronomical basis for the year 1910 A.D. And containing a Calendar and reliable Predictions for every Month, besides an Entertaining Miscellany of Golfing Literature and Information, hitherto (probably) un assembled in a single Book. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 90. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 90 cents net.

Sudermann, Hermann. Translated from the German by Grace Frank. *Roses*. Four one-act Plays. "Streaks of Light," "The Last Visit," "Margot," "The Far-Away Princesses." 12mo, pp. 183. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Thorne, Guy. *The Socialist*. 12mo, pp. 360. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

Thurston, E. Temple. *The City of Beautiful Nonsense*. 12mo, pp. 345. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Ticknor, George. *Life Letters and Journals of*, With Illustrations. 2 vols., 8vo. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

More than thirty years have passed since the first publication of this classic among American memoirs. Twelve editions in that time have been printed. But the last of these was issued so many years ago

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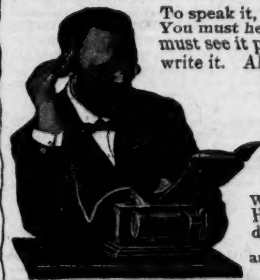
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Turton, Lt. Col. W. H. *The Truth of Christianity. Being an Examination of the More Important Arguments for and Against Believing in that Religion.* 12mo, pp. 604. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.25.

Twitcheell, Ralph Emerson. *The History of the Military Occupation of the Territory of New Mexico from 1846 to 1851 by the Government of the United States. Together with biographical sketches of Men Prominent in the Conduct of the Government During that Period. Illustrated.* 8vo, pp. 394. Denver: Smith-Brooks Co.

Van Dyke, John C. *The New New York. A commentary on the place and the people. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell.* New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909. \$3.50 net.

This book of Professor Van Dyke's is intensely modern, intensely of to-day. It seems to be built upon the assumption that New York has had no past worth speaking of; consequently all the writer's attention is directed to the present. Of course we have no right to quarrel with him for taking such a view and so setting for himself limitations for a task that would otherwise run to endless ramifications. New York, more than any other city in the world, doubtless, works harder to efface all vestiges of the past, yet even in it the past is implicit everywhere and there are not a few memorials for the careful scrutinizer. They would add a dignifying atmosphere without which a great city seems not a thing of growth but of a magician's creation. The writer, seconded by the illustrator, confesses not to have escaped the embarrassment of many points of view. They, however, arrived at the belief that "pictorially, the larger aspect of New York is the life and energy of its people projected upon the background of its commerce." Feeling this they have addressed themselves with vigor and intelligence to setting it forth and it must be admitted that their success is considerable. Professor Van Dyke sees the city with the eyes of the painter, the shifting and various features of its superficialities are all alive for him. He sees it colorful, picturesque, aggressive. It frankly owns up to its purpose of taking a controlling hand in the commerce of the country, and it makes shift to carry out this purpose amid the most trying inconvenience that geographical limitations could devise. In a hundred ways Professor Van Dyke shows how these two factors dictate everything that is characteristic of this city—its peculiar shape which requires great hordes of people to move daily within restricted boundaries, and its multimodal activities of a commercial nature. There is no apology offered by this writer for such a preoccupation of the people and the consequent effect upon all that go to make up the civic features

of a great city. Its dominant note is struck by him with something of a defiant fierceness. Let the cities of the old world be what they may, this one is for trade, and as such it has managed, he thinks, to create a great deal that is beautiful after it has met the first test of being useful. "The city is a shop, not a historical museum in the large, like present-day Venice," he declares. And to those whose affections may still linger around those rapidly obliterating memorials of a past less commercial and less strenuous, he shouts that "the past history of the city is wholly insignificant when compared with its present commercial importance." Whatever the city may become in twenty-five, fifty, or one hundred years from now it is certain that here the writer gives the very age and body of the time his form of pressure.

As for Mr. Pennell's pictures, of which there are a hundred, they amply prove that New York is a picturesque city in spite of the seeming regularity of its grid-iron street plan. There are numberless odd bits that a visitor will wish to seek after Mr. Pennell has pointed out the way to him. But knowing the crystalline purity of New York air and the sharpness with which outline and detail often stand out, one can not altogether accept Mr. Pennell's suggestion of an atmosphere more native to London.

Vedder, Henry C. Baptist History. 16mo, pp. 124. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publishing Society. 40 cents net.

Viele, Herman Knickerbocker. On the Light-ship. 12mo, pp. 312. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

Wallace, Lew. The Boyhood of Christ. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 101. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

Warbasse, James Peter. Medical Sociology. A Series of Observations Touching upon the Sociology of Health and the Relations of Medicine to Society. 12mo, pp. 355. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.

Warren, William Fairfield. The Earliest Cosmologies. The Universe as Pictured in Thought by the Ancient Hebrews, Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, Iranians, and Indo-Aryans. A Guide-book for Beginners in the Study of Ancient Literatures and Religions. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 222. New York: Eaton & Mains. \$1.50 net.

Wason, Robert Alexander. Happy Hawkins. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 352. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.

Watson, H. B. Marriott. The Castle by the Sea. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 312. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

Weir, Hugh C. The Conquest of the Isthmus. 12mo, pp. 238. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

Under this somewhat sensational title we have in these pages the account of an eye-witness of the work going on at Panama. Mr. Weir is a practised writer and his book is by no means lacking in point and vivacity. He takes the enterprise at the Isthmus as a bold and daring adventure and he deals with it in a tone of spirited romance. Not that he is by any means a "romancer," for he gives dates, figures, and authorities for all his statements. He speaks of the men at labor in the canal as "khaki heroes." He tells how they live, work, and amuse themselves. When he writes of Panama he calls his account a "romance of jungle and city." He gives a lively description of scorpions, tarantulas, and alligators, as he found them. He talks of "the disease battle" of the Isthmus and he writes enthusiastically of ex-President Roosevelt's visit to Panama and echoes the sayings he heard: "This is Roosevelt's canal. We are digging it for him," to which he adds the glowing comment: "There you have it—the real dynamite which is blasting through jungle and mountain . . . the spirit of that

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man, with the big hand and the big brain and the big personality, twenty-five hundred miles away, etc." But there is a great deal more than gush enthusiasm in this attractive volume. Diagrams show us how the work progresses, a crowd of illustrations bring the place and the work before our eyes and Mr. Weir has no good words for those who decry the Gatun Dam. He is especially down on that "American writer who has been most prolific and stubborn in his cries of failure," yet "proved himself unable to distinguish a dredging machine from a steam shovel."

In his concluding chapter he answers the question "Is it all worth while?" which he answers by showing that the canal is certain to be a financial success.

White, Eliza Orne. *The Wares of Edgefield.* 12mo, pp. 439. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

Whitman, G. L. *Basil the Page. A Story of the Days of Queen Elizabeth.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 211. New York: Dodge Publishing Co. \$1.25.

Willcox, Louise Collier. *The Human Way.* Pp. 305. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

The author of the valuable essays comprised in "The Human Way" claims no originality of thought. Wisdom, she asserts, is as old as the ages, tho each generation demands its own interpretation of truth. So the purpose of the book is to translate into intelligible terms the world-old, and at the same time ever-new, meanings of life.

The vital importance of the spiritual realm is the dominant thought. Each man should, in a sense, lead a detached, isolated life and, contradictory as it may seem, only then will he best serve his fellow men. The value of this hidden life of the spirit is pointed out in the essay on "Solitude."

Again, whatever good life yields must be extracted by conscious effort. This is true not only of the little things but the deepest human emotions as well. Weariness, hardship, and sorrow are bound to be our portion, but he who learns to live wisely will early recognize their necessity and use.

The essay entitled "Human Relations" contains a plea for that kindness of spirit which hesitates to wound even in the slightest degree those with whom we come in contact. A "velvet soul" is defined as one "soft to contact, whose very religion is not hurting, who withdraws and renounces, who looks for twilight spaces in life, and who adds his silence to the great and soothing silence which lies beyond the bustle of life."

As to the "decorations" of life, the subject of books first receives serious consideration. Their value both as a humanizing influence and a test of character is emphasized and special stress laid upon the important fact that they should be a stimulus to deeper living rather than a means of recreation. Another force that makes for right thinking and living is Nature, and an exquisite rendering of her various moods is contained in the chapter on "Out-of-Doors." No less charming is the little essay on children in which, from her own personal experience, the author talks lovingly and intimately of the little ones who have renewed her own life.

It is with a sense of richness that the reader completes this volume. Not one, but many readings, are required to fully grasp its beautiful truths and make them one's own. If it be true, as stated in the

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book, that the value of a book is to be gaged by its depth of suggestion, then "The Human Way" measures up to the highest standard.

Williams, Jesse Lynch; Seoville, S. Jr.; Conover, J.; Henderson, W. J.; and Hull, Paul. On the Gridiron and Other Stories of Outdoor Sport. 16mo, pp. 223. New York: Harper & Bros. 6c cents.

Wilmot-Buxton, E. M. Stories of Norse Heroes. Told by the Northmen. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 246. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.

Winter, William. The Poems of. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 319. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. \$2 net.

Wright, William H. The Grizzly Bear. 12mo, pp. 274. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Enthusiasm in childhood and youth and early predilection most often determine the course of the useful and the strenuous life. Mr. Wright as a child came across a book called "The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Grizzly Bear Hunter of California," and he subsequently saw when a seven-year-old boy in Barnum's circus a huge grizzly "which was advertised as having been caught by this man Adams." From that moment his life's work was determined. He became a hunter and student of the grizzly. The twenty-four beautiful half-tones which illustrate his work nearly all represent this wild beast as he met him in the mountains of the Western States and of Canada. We learn how the monster, sometimes weighing one thousand pounds, was tracked and killed. But this is not merely an account of hunting expeditions. The creature that had such a fascination for Mr. Wright is scientifically treated by him and compared with others of the ursine tribe. We learn all about the grizzly's habitat, the roots he delights in, the fierceness he exhibits and the sport he affords by his gameness and vitality. A capital book of its kind.

Zangwill, Israel. The Melting-Pot. Drama in Four Acts. 12mo, pp. 200. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

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With naught her rush to stem,
And with a battle-cry advanced
Upon Jerusalem.

The alto met her on the road,
Engaged her in a "scrap,"
The tenor on the double-quick
Came up to fill the gap.

Around the theater of war
The steady basso boomed;
Then all of them fell to at once,
Jerusalem was doomed.

The city was about to fall,
Her glory proud to doff,
When higher powers intervened,
And called the fighters off.

—New York Sun.

Proof of Honesty.—District Attorney Jerome, at a dinner in New York, told a story about honesty.

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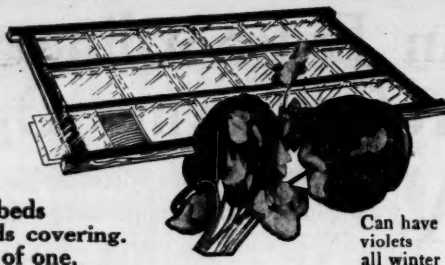
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CURRENT POETRY

From Homer to Swinburne and Kipling the sea has been a passion to poets. Once again it has proved its power by charming Clinton Scollard from society verse into something stronger and better. Mr. Scollard's poetry is usually chamber-music—a conscious playing with artistic forms—but the following stanzas that appear in *Everybody's Magazine*, altho somewhat rhetorical in their insistent alliteration, have depth and power.

Sea Marvels

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

This morning more mysterious seems the sea
Than yesterday when, with reverberant roar,
It charged upon the beaches, and the sky
Above it shimmered cloudless. Now the wave
Lap languorously along the foamless sand,
And all the far horizon swims in mist.
Out of this murk, across this oily sweep,
Might lost armadas grandly sail to shore;
Jason might oar on Argo, or the stern
Surge-wanderer from Ithaca's bleak isle
Break on the sight, or Viking prowess appear,
And still not waken wonder. Ay, the sound
Of siren singing might drift o'er the main,
And yet not fall upon amazed ears!

The soul is ripe for marvels. O great deep,
Give up your host of stately presences,
Adventurers and sea-heroes of old time,
And let them pass before us down the day
In proud procession, so that we who hear
Dull bells mark off the uneventful hours
May glimpse the bygone bravery of the world
Now moiling in its multitudinous marts,
Forgetful of fair faith and high resolve
In the inglorious grapple after gold!

Mr. R. C. K. Ensor in a few unpretentious lines appearing in *The Nation* (London) pays a delicate and graceful tribute to the portrait of a child.

The Picture

By R. C. K. ENSOR

The picture of a little child
Hangs on my wall and smiles: 'tis you
When you were seven years old—you smiled
Even then as no one else can do.

And yet, dear love, you never knew
Whom you were blessing then, nor how
The little curves that painter drew
Would be your lover's daydream now.

Had you died then, they would have said:
'Only a little girl is dead';
They could not (how could I?) have known
That, without seeing even or grieving,
My Soul had lost beyond retrieving
The one soul born to be its own.

FLEISCHMANN'S
COMPRESSED YEAST
HAS NO EQUAL

IN the current number of *The Atlantic Monthly* we find a rather striking sketch, done in vivid colors and framed in sonnet-form. This poem, in style and philosophy of life, is closely allied to the literature of the Tolstoy-Zola school—a literature of bitter realism that is prone to leave with the reader a sense of bitterness only and a harsh contraction of spirit. These men come no doubt as an antidote to the evils of our civilization, but their rectitude has not yet become a grace. Nature is a stern mistress, but rumors exist of a certain secret tenderness and we hope we may still say with George Barrow: "The wind is on the heather, brother—life is sweet."

Seven Sandwichmen on Broadway

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

Shuffling and shambling, wobegone, they pass,
Seven in single file, and seven as one,—
As if a spectrum of all wo the sun
Here cast through some bewitched prismatic glass.
From their stooped shoulders, back and fore, hang
crass
High-colored chromos of a stage *mignonne*
In tights, astride a grinning simpleton
Squat on all fours, and long-eared like an ass.

"Success!" "Success!" we read—yea, thy success
We read, O wanton among cities: vice
Saddled on folly, wo beneath sevenfold:
Wo of the lust of life, and the shameful price
Of life,—wo of the want, the weariness,—
Of fear, of hate,—of the thrice false weights of gold!

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

THE HEROES OF THE BLACK CANYON

In exploring the Black Cañon of the Gunnison River, "3,000 feet below daylight," preparatory to the construction of the new irrigation tunnel, two engineers of the United States Reclamation Bureau, W. W. Torrence and A. L. Fellows, underwent "suffering and horrors almost beyond the powers of human conception." This story, "a story not of water, but of rich, red blood . . . of stout hearts and suffering and despair and triumph," is told by A. W. Rolker and D. A. Willey in *Everybody's Magazine* (October). The deepest part of the cañon had never been explored and had been pronounced impenetrable by Government geological experts. The first attempt was made by Torrence and four companions, who, after covering fourteen miles in three weeks of constant toil and almost superhuman exertion, scrambled over a mass of rocks which blocked their way only "to discover that the cañon had risen to 2,500 feet and narrowed to twenty-eight, with walls literally perpendicular and worn smooth as glass," into which narrow passage the waters of the river "found egress with the rapidity of a mill-race." This "Falls of Sorrows," as they named it, put an end to further exploration and the men managed to climb up out of the cañon through the dry bed of a water-course leading precipitously into it.

After a year of thinking and planning Torrence and Fellows entered the cañon alone, taking with them, instead of a boat, "a rubber air-mattress measuring four by six feet, subdivided into independent compartments, provided with lashing to secure a load, and with hand ropes." After two weeks of climbing, wading and swimming, they reached the "Falls of Sorrows." Then—

Through the gorge they went, swimming, holding

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fast to their unsinkable raft. In places wherever the channel widened and deepened they proceeded in this manner, either pulling the mattress behind them or pushing it ahead. For days on end they had not a dry stitch on them, and worked with blue lips and chattering teeth. A number of times they had become so exhausted in the water that, had they not taken the precaution to lash themselves to the raft, they would have gone down, never to come up again. And still, the further they went, the deeper and wilder and more difficult became the cañon. In spots the channel became so narrow that water roared over the boulder-strewn bed with such force that the men could hardly retain their feet when immersed only to the depth of their ankles. In one place where they had to work the raft over rock fragments in the midst of the stream, they struggled so hard to keep the mat from being torn to shreds that they spent three hours covering a distance of sixty feet. For hours at a stretch they were immersed, now swimming, now wading hip-deep, in what was practically ice-water. And added to these hardships of the day were those of the night; for so narrow became the cañon that often for several hundred yards water flowed in eddies from shore to shore, side ledges becoming so narrow that the men had to take turns to stretch in sleep, one sitting guard to prevent the other from rolling off into the water. . . .

Foot by foot, the cañon grew higher and higher and narrower and wilder, as if before long the two walls must come together, leaving the river to dash downward through a subterranean water-course into which they would be sucked and buried alive, like rats drawn into the swirl of a sewer hole. What was more disturbing still, instruments showed that the descent of the river was increasing at an alarming rate, as if it might be heading toward an underground waterfall.

Cautiously, bearing the danger of a fall in mind, the men proceeded and had rounded a corner when of a sudden, a hundred feet ahead, the river fell sheer out of sight. The depth of the water shallowed here so that the men could stand on bottom, despite the swift current. They ventured as near as possible to the brink; but whether the falls hurled themselves a hundred feet deep onto the rocks below, whether they boiled into a deep basin that would give them a chance for life, or whether the river disappeared and continued underground—these things they could not see.

For the first time during these hardships the heart went out of the men, and they sat side by side, head in hands. To have been caught unexpectedly and whirled over the falls would have been a quick mercy; but to be pent up hopelessly, with no alternative save deliberately to take a desperate leap—this was inhuman strain. But there was no other way out; and it was decided that Fellows should plunge first, that Torrence should then launch the raft with the instruments and what provisions were left, and come after.

Fellows leapt; and like a pine chip over the top of a mill dam his body flashed for an instant into view and was gone. For five minutes Torrence stood, awed by the stupendous force, picturing to himself the smashed and mangled remains of his friend. Then quickly, he released the raft, and unable to bear the suspense, leapt in after him. He must have been whirled into temporary unconsciousness, because, barring the sensation of plunging into the water, he had recollection of nothing until he found himself beyond the foot of the falls, clutching at an overhanging rock. Fellows lay collapsed on a stone shelf upon which he had drawn himself, gazing as if in a dream at the silver veil which roared and thundered, falling house-high, churning itself white against jagged black rocks that studded the basin into which they had landed.

For hours the men lay, panting, weakly turning their heads from side to side, slowly coming back to life after the frightful impact to which they had been subjected. But a new danger threatened them. Rations had run so low that for sixteen hours they had not had a mouthful to eat, and they divided a last spoonful of baked beans between them. They hobbled along, now limping, arms about each other's shoulder, now crawling on hands and knees, dragging their raft after them, sighting, recording notes and taking photographs while they swayed on their tottering feet.

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hunger within them, and had sunk down at the mouth of a cleft in the wall to rest, when suddenly a mountain sheep bounded up beside them. Torrence clutched it and hung on like grim death as it tried to escape him. How the sheep got into the cañon and how it had managed to subsist there is a mystery. It was the only living thing the men encountered on their trip, and they ate it in a manner that may not be told, but just as any of us would have eaten it were we dying by inches for want of food.

Knowing that they were nearing the foot of the Black Cañon, Torrence and Fellows hurried on, only to find themselves confronted by a new obstacle. The channel ahead of them was blocked by a mass of rock hundreds of feet in height, caused by a landslide. Under this the swirling waters of the river disappeared through a dark tunnel, and the men soon came to realize that their one hope of escape was to throw themselves into the maelstrom, taking blind chances of being hurled against rocks or being sucked under water and so perishing. To quote further:

At the entrance of the pitch-dark tunnel they sat gazing at the vortex of a funnel-shaped eddy of the black, swirling water. Long, in silence, the men gazed into each other's eyes. Like two condemned men standing on the brink of eternity they clasped each other's hands in vise-like grasp.

Fellows leapt first. Twice his body whirled around like lightning. The single glimpse of a foot, and Torrence stood alone, petrified with horror; in his mind was the picture of the death-struggle going on in the yawning hole before him.

He threw the raft into the eddy and watched it sucked and whirled out of sight. With his face buried in his hands he sat quaking, lacking the nerve to take the horrifying leap, yet remembering his promise to follow within ten minutes of his partner.

Finally he took a long, deep breath and dived head first into the funnel. For an instant he felt himself spinning round and round. A tearing, wrenching sensation as if he were being torn apart in a thousand directions, a pressure as if a mountain were closing in upon him, then a shooting forward like the speed of an arrow; and just as his senses were leaving him he was spat out of the water into clear air, and Fellows clutched his collar as he was whirling past a rock, drawing him upward to safety. Like frightened children suddenly snatched out of jaws of death, these two men of iron locked arms about each other and laughed and wept—laughed and wept hysterically like women.

"Who says the Black Cañon is impassable?" cried Fellows, and over and over they repeated the grim joke until they collapsed into the nervous sleep of exhaustion.

Two days later, they climbed 2,000 feet up the Devil's Slide at the lower end of the cañon, having traveled thirty miles along its bed, having swum the river seventy-two times from bank to bank, and having done what man born of woman never dared before and what none in his right senses will ever undertake again.

THE KAISER AND THE GHOST

ACCORDING to a Berlin tradition, the Royal Palace of the Hohenzollerns has been haunted for years by a ghost whose appearance forebodes the death of a member of the reigning house. When recently the news was brought to the Kaiser that a young lieutenant of the guards had seen this apparition, he immediately sent for him. The conversation that ensued is reported as follows in *M. A. P. (London)*:

"What was the lady like?" the Emperor asked, "was she tall or short?"

"She was tall, your Majesty," was the reply.

"How was she dressed?" was the next question.

"In a white flowing robe, and a long veil thrown over it."

"Was she carrying anything?"

"In her right hand she had a candlestick."

"And in her left?"

"A box of matches," said the lieutenant.

The Emperor, as is well known, has a keen sense of

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humor, and the idea of the white lady, who dates from some four hundred years ago, promenading about the palace with such modern contrivances as a candlestick and a box of matches, caused him to burst into laughter.

"That will do," he said presently. "Don't let me hear anything more about the woman in white. And take my advice, don't peer about the corridors of the palace at night. For you might often see ladies there, attired in white robes, carrying candlesticks and matches in their hands."

THE REAL GOVERNOR

Gov. Willson of Kentucky had the misfortune some time since to strain a tendon in his leg, necessitating the temporary removal of his office to the mansion, where business was transacted and visitors received. Here he was attended by "Jim," a dandy who had been general factotum to many governors and had often been the cause of much fun. According to an article in *Lippincott's Magazine*:

On one occasion Mrs. Willson had waited luncheon for thirty minutes, and she told his excellency that he must come down and eat with her.

"My dear," said Mr. Willson, "just as soon as I see that delegation of men downstairs I'll be with you."

Mrs. Willson was determined, and said: "Jim, you go down and tell them to wait."

"Jim," frowned the Governor, as that worthy started off to obey the mistress of the mansion—"Jim, you know who is governor, don't you?"

"Yas, sir," grinned Jim, with seeming innocence, "yas, sir. I'll go down and tell the gemmen to wait, sir."

THE FRUGAL LAIRD OF SKIBO

WHILE Mr. Andrew Carnegie is giving away his millions in the shape of library buildings, gifts to institutions of learning and various permanent funds in his efforts to die poor, he is managing his Scotch estate so carefully that it returns a profit each year. The game and fruit from the lands about Skibo Castle bring good prices, and every detail of marketing them is studied in the most business-like manner. In the London correspondence of the *Kansas City Star* we read:

The magnificent preserves on which the millionaire lavishes from \$25,000 to \$30,000 a year return \$35,000 in the shooting season. Altho Andrew Carnegie does not forget his friends and one or two hospitals in London when he has big "shoots," thousands of birds are dispatched to the game markets all over the kingdom. The partridges at Skibo are particularly fine, and they fetch four or five cents each more than any other birds of the same kind. From all quarters the orders for game pour in, and the millionaire does not consider it beneath his dignity to see that they are attended to. He will often spend an hour in the office making notes and looking after his accounts. Orders are attended to with the greatest dispatch. To his own punctuality in life Mr. Carnegie attributes not a little of his success.

In the fishing and fruit seasons orders for both are tendered and promptly executed. "Carnegie apples," as a delicious brand from Skibo Castle orchards is called, are a very choice variety and very popular with some of the best fruit dealers. For years Andrew Carnegie has made a hobby of fruit-growing, and these apples are his own production. He never tires of showing his apples, pears, and other fruits to his guests, and at dessert sometimes he will tell the company of the handsome prices he gets for them. He is far prouder of being the producer of "Carnegie apples" than master of Skibo Castle.

Guests do not find Skibo exhilarating. For one thing, bridge is not permitted. The master has an overpowering objection to cards, and it is an unwritten law that they must never be played. In the last shooting season a party of rich Americans were among those invited. All were devoted to bridge, and on hearing that it was forbidden at Skibo they decided to make an excuse to retire early to have a

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game in one of their own rooms, and they played into the small hours. Happening to awake and see a light in the opposite wing, where the game was taking place, Andrew walked across a balcony, and, peering through the curtains, beheld the players and their stakes of gold. Forthwith he entered unannounced. It must have made a quaint picture, the four Americans, in front of whom were many empty bottles, and the horror-stricken millionaire in his night attire. One of the guests, who was a little more self-possessed than the others, offered their host a drink. Scotchmen are proverbially kind hosts. Tho at first annoyed that his wishes had been disregarded, he accepted the proffered drink and laughed in his own dour way.

AN ORCHESTRA RUN AMUCK

WHILE John Philip Sousa was orchestra leader for a musical play, he had a number of interesting experiences on the road. On one occasion he arrived at a little mining-town in Illinois and was instructed by his manager to secure an orchestra of ten people for the evening's performance. The story is told in Mr. Sousa's account of his youthful days in *The Circle*. We read:

I found the local leader employed in a paint shop and tho he was weighing out white lead and putty he assured me he was ready to talk "art." With his arms and face smeared with various-colored paints he did not suggest the classy orchestra leader. After ascertaining that he was the man with whom to do business I told him that I was the leader of the traveling company which was to perform that night and asked if he could supply ten men for the orchestra. He took his cigar from his mouth, and said:

"Can supply you as many as you want."
"How much," I asked, "do you charge per man?"
"Two dollars a skull," was his reply.

"Well," I said, falling into his mode of expression, "I want ten skulls—one first skull, one second skull, viola, 'cello, and bass skulls for the strings, and flute, clarinet, cornet, and trombone skulls for the wind, and a drum skull besides."

"Anything else you want?" he asked.

"Yes, I would like them at the theater for rehearsal at two o'clock sharp," I said.

He looked at me with a half-sorry-for-you expression and said:

"Stranger, there are just two things that you don't want here. One is that you don't want any first fid, and you don't want any viola or cello and you don't want no flute, 'cause we ain't got them. The second thing you don't want is a rehearsal at two o'clock or any other time."

"But," I said, "we must have a rehearsal."

"Rehearsal be blowed," he said; "we never rehearse here."

"But," I persisted, "my music is difficult and a rehearsal is absolutely necessary. Several numbers must be transposed. Can your orchestra transpose?"

With a wave of his hand he disdainfully said:
"Transpose? Don't worry. We transpose anything."

No argument could budge him and he finally stopt any further discussion by stating that I could take his orchestra or leave it, just as I liked. It was Hobson's choice with me, so I said:

"Well, I'll take your orchestra, and I do hope everything will go all right to-night."

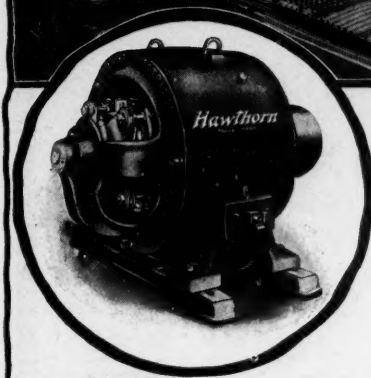
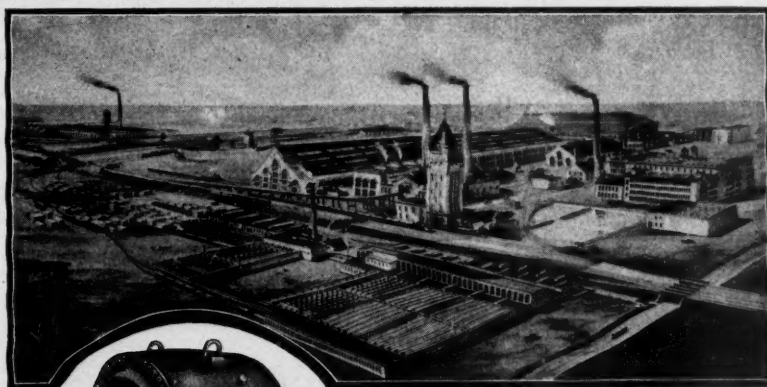
"Don't you lose any sleep over us. We're all right," he called to me as I was leaving his store.

Shortly after seven I went to the theater and found the orchestra in the music room under the stage. The leader said:

"You might as well know the boys, and I'll just introduce you. What is your name?"

"My name," I answered, "is Sousa."

"Well, Sousa," this with an awkward bow, "allow me to introduce Professor Smith, our second fid; and, Sousa, this is Professor Brown, our clarinet player; and, Sousa, this is Professor Perkins, our bull fid; and this," pointing to a cadaverous-looking fellow, "is Professor Jones, who agitates the ivories on our pipe organ. Sousa, these are Professors Jim and Bill Simpson, solo and first cornet; this is Professor Reed, who whacks the bull drum, and yours truly, solo



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trombone. Now that all of us know each other, what is your overture?"

I explained that the overture we used I had written myself and it had met with great favor.

"I ain't sayin' that's so or not, but it won't go here. Will it boys?"

A unanimous "No" from the orchestra dispelled any doubt as to their feelings. I expostulated with warmth and injured pride:

"But you have never heard my overture, you know nothing about it, and I can assure you it is all right."

"It may be all right in Chicago or Boston, but I tell you it won't go here. I got the overture that our people want and that's the one we are going to play to-night."

"But I think—"

"Don't think," said the leader, putting his hand on my shoulder, "just make up your mind that you are going to play our overture. Do you read first fid at sight?"

I mildly admitted that I could do so.

"Well, just take a look at this thing," and he held up the first-violin part of his "overture."

"Now, I want to explain this piece to you. When we open up on her we go along quietly, not making any fuss, almost sneaking like," and he pantomimed the tempo. "When you are playin' that first strain you do it just as if you didn't have no train to catch, but when we get here," he pointed at the next strain marked *Allegro*, "just go as fast as the devil. You'll have to chase your fingers all over the fiddle."

I sighed and answered: "All right, I think I understand."

After we were seated in the orchestra box I rapped for attention and we began the overture. I noticed almost immediately that all of them were wretched players, and when I started into the movement which the local man told me was to be taken "fast" I began playing the strain with a rapidity evidently unknown to the orchestra and pandemonium reigned. But, curiously enough, each man felt that it was his duty to play the notes to the end regardless of what the rest did, and they finished one after the other, stretched out like a bunch of horses in a race. I had no time to express my disgust, as the curtain was raised immediately and the first number was to be sung. It was "Come Back to Erin" in E flat. When we began the introduction of the song every member of the orchestra was blowing a note either in a different time or different key. I shouted:

"It's in E flat."

The louder I shouted the louder they played. The singer sang on, trying to appear oblivious to the cacophony that reigned. As soon as the song was finished I turned to the leader and said:

"This is the rottenest orchestra I have ever heard; you do not know one note from another."

He looked at me calmly and said:

"You are too particular; if you don't like our style of playin' pay us and we'll go."

"Pay you?" I cried. "You have not earned a cent."

"Well, if you don't like us give us our money and we will go."

I was very much excited, and I shouted:

"Give you your money? Not under any circumstances. Pack up your instruments and get out of this theater."

"Don't fash yourself, stranger. We'll go when we're paid and not before," and he turned his back on me.

"I'll see about that," I said, jumping up and walking through the center aisle of the theater.

I went to the box office and explained the situation to my manager. He told the local manager that the orchestra would spoil our show and had refused to leave the theater.

"I'll fix that," said the owner, and he called in the constable.

"Jack," he said to that preserver of the peace, "go in and put out the orchestra as usual."

As the constable walked into the theater I turned to the local manager and, in a voice choking with indignation, said:

"Just think; these men told me they could read anything, could transpose anything, and when I wanted them to come to rehearsal they said they never rehearsed in this town!"

"Yes," said the local manager, "that is true. They never have rehearsed, because if they did they would be discharged before the performance."

ANOTHER AMATEUR TRAMP

It was a brief conversation with a beggar on the streets of his native city that led Mr. E. A. Brown, of Denver, to investigate the methods of caring for the homeless poor throughout the country. Drest as a common laborer, apparently out of work and penniless, he has been visiting city after city, living in the free lodging-houses provided by public or private charity. The Philadelphia *North American* tells of his experiences, the first of which was in Denver. We read:

One night last February he stole forth, disguised as a laborer out of work and penniless.

The first wanderer encountered, when asked "where a fellow could sleep," directed him to the brickyards, advising him not to go before 10:30 o'clock, as the ovens would still be too hot to enter. Stumbling over the frozen ground in the dark, Mr. Brown came to the flaming ovens, and repeated his request. A stoker, picking up a lamp, led the way to a low opening in one of the kilns, where he pointed out a space and said, "I guess you'll be all right there." Altho the place contained thirty men, no one uttered a word as he entered. The interior was so foul and hot that Mr. Brown had to make repeated trips to the opening for a breath of fresh air. At dawn all were driven out into the cold again, as it was time to rebuild the oven fire.

Ninety per cent. of these vagrants were honest workmen in hard luck, he said. Some, without underwear or overcoat, wore only summer suits. Many contracted pneumonia from exposure, and died in the county hospital.

Other refugees were soon found. As many as thirteen slept in a box-car on piles of straw. Some were in empty houses, in saloons under tables, in round-houses, or in gunnysacks on freight platforms. Others walked the ice-covered pavements.

In Chicago Mr. Brown was directed by a policeman to the "Chicago Municipal Lodging-House" on North Union Street. Here, we are told:

An elderly attendant greeted him gruffly, but much in the style of a mother chiding a son who has been out too late: "You fellows drink cheap beer in the saloons all night, and then come here. You can sleep in the overflow room." On the floor were sixty "overflows" (late comers), from fifteen to seventy-five years old, lying with their shoes under their heads for pillows. At daybreak all left. The spirit was kindly, but the facilities were poor.

Mr. Brown then took a train to New York to continue his investigation. At the Twenty-second Street station he was directed to the Municipal Lodging-House at the foot of Twenty-fifth Street. This is a handsome six-story structure, erected at a cost of \$500,000, perfectly equipped and liberally maintained by the city.

While he stood in admiration, with the long, dark street on the right and the lights of the East River on the left, a fifteen-year-old girl came to the women's entrance and hesitated before opening the door. As the light fell momentarily on her emaciated face, Mr. Brown saw stamped upon it: "The night cries, a sin to be living, and the river, a sin to be dead!"

With several other men Mr. Brown entered the office, where he registered, giving his address and occupation, and was then shown into a large clean

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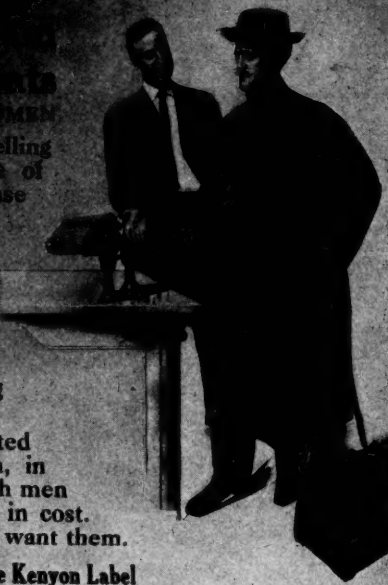
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dining-room. There all were served with real soup, excellent coffee with plenty of cream and sugar, and fresh bread and butter. They were allowed as much as they wanted.

After supper they were led to a disrobing-room, where, as each man undrest, his clothes were packed separately in a network bag and taken to the fumigating-room, to be returned in the morning clean and fresh of smel.

Next came the bathroom, with twelve baths. Each man received a fresh cake of castile soap and a clean towel. From the tub they were taken to the physician's room and carefully examined by two doctors. Any one who proved to be ill was given a specially marked robe and sent to the isolation ward.

The rest, clad in clean nightgowns and socks, were whisked up to the dormitory in the elevator. Here were rows of double-decked beds of white enameled iron—200 in all—with clean linen and soft, comfortable hair mattresses.

As he lay down, Mr. Brown heard an aged man in the next bed breathe, almost inaudibly, the prayer: "Oh, God! I thank thee!" He then determined to exert every effort to have such a charity established in every city where it might be needed.

In Washington Mr. Brown visited the refuge. He found a rickety three-story building in a dark and lonely street. By the feeble light from a smoky window he made out the name, "Municipal Lodging-House," on an unlighted transparency over the door, and the direction, "to the office."

After a few gruff questions at a small window he was given a bed-check and the slide was slammed in his face. He was left to find his way down a hall, through a yard, and up a flight of stairs to the bathroom. There was no heat and he had to stand nude in an icy room waiting his turn at a dirty tub. He was given a cheap cotton nightgown without buttons, and had to take the covers off an empty bed to keep warm during the night.

About daylight thirty men, blacks and whites, were called out into a cheerless room, where they waited an hour, and, after standing another half hour in the cold yard, were given a meal which, he says, was not fit to eat. They then worked several hours behind locked doors, scrubbing, sweeping, chopping wood, and making the beds, which were not even aired.

In Boston, where he had lived when a boy, Mr. Brown found the municipal lodging-house "a veritable breeding-place for crime and disease" and received "almost unbelievable" abuse. To quote further:

He had a bath, but no supper. There was no medical attendance or no segregation of the ill. He was given a bed with nothing on it but a blanket, which became a string as he sank down on the springs. The beds were so close together as to be practically one.

On one side of him was an honest laborer, and on the other a drunken man, whose breath was unbearable. There were about fifty lodgers, some of whom, ill with asthma or consumption, coughed all night.

At daylight he got up to leave, but found himself locked in, and sat down beside the door to wait. An attendant, coming to the door, grabbed him by both wrists and flung him violently into the room again, crying: "You stay in there till you're called!" After sawing wood for an hour he was given a meal of beans so salty that they could not be eaten.

Since he undertook his self-imposed task Mr. Brown has had many strange bedfellows and not a few unpleasant experiences. In one city he was locked up on suspicion, but released in the morning. The officer who made the arrest explained that, seeing Mr. Brown "loitering" near a grocery store which had just been robbed, he thought he might have been connected with the affair.

Warning Her.—A deaf but pious English lady, visiting a small country town in Scotland, went to church armed with an ear-trumpet. The elders had never seen one, and viewed it with suspicion and uneasiness. After a short consultation one of them went up to the lady, just before the opening of the services, and, wagging his finger at her warningly, whispered, "One toot, and ye're oot."—*Christian Register.*

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Homeward Bound.—A traveler in Arkansas came to a cabin and heard a terrifying series of groans and yells. It sounded as if murder was being committed.

He rushed in and found a gigantic negro woman beating a wizened little old man with a club, while he cried for mercy.

"Here, woman!" shouted the traveler, "what do you mean by beating that man?"

"He's mah husban', an' I'll beat him all I likes," she replied, giving the man a few more cracks by way of emphasis.

"No matter if he is your husband, you have no right to murder him."

"Go 'long, white man, and luf me alone. I'll suah beat him some moah."

"What has he done?"

"Wha's he done? Why, this triflin' no'count nigger done lef' de door of my chicken-house open and all mah chickens done gone out."

"Pshaw, that's nothing. They will come back."

"Come back? No, suh, they'll go back."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Cruelty.—MRS. NEWBRIDE—"Boohoo! Henry 'threw a biscuit at me. One that I made myself, too!"

MOTHER—"The monster! He might have killed you!"—*The United Presbyterian.*

Plausible.—"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms."

"How?"

"She broke them off trying to button her shirt-waist up the back."—*The Jewish Ledger.*

The Unknown Autocrat.—"There are some very interesting articles in the magazines about Holmes this month," we say to our friend.

"Holmes?" he sniffs. "I'm tired of Conan Doyle's stuff."—*Life.*

Metamorphosis.—After a visit to a famous entomologist, whose wonderful microscopes have proved that there is always some living being to be found preying on the last of the minutest creature last seen, an English writer turned to him and said:

"I came here, believing myself to be an individual. I leave, knowing myself to be a community."—*Youth's Companion.*

Correcting Her.—"I thought I should laugh right out," said Mrs. Cashton, "when at the circus recently Mrs. Smith called an animal a seraph. Of course, she meant a giraffe; but the fun of it was it wasn't a giraffe. It was a camomile."—*The Christian Register.*

Not All of Them.—A Washington man, while visiting a friend's place in Virginia, became much interested in his experiments in fruit culture. One day the visitor was making the rounds of the place, being in charge of the friend's young daughter of 10, who acted as guide.

"This tree seems to be loaded with apples," observed the Washingtonian, indicating a particularly fine specimen.

"Yes, sir," assented the little girl; "father says this is a good year for apples."

"I am glad to hear that," said the visitor. "Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?"

"No sir," explained the girl, "only the apple-trees."—*The Interior.*

After the Storm.—WIFE—"In a battle of tongues a woman can hold her own."

HUSBAND—"M'yes, p'r'aps she can; but she never does."—*Tid-Bits.*

The Fun of It.—"Why won't you go on the picnic?"

"Ah, I'm too tired. Let's soak a few sandwiches in lemonade and eat 'em on the kitchen floor."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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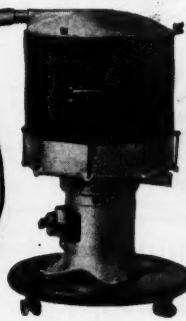
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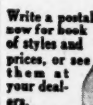
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"I know it will, mum, but dat don't encourage me, for it was cut off when I was a baby, an' it won't come within a couple of foot of de ground when it's restored."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Got there First.—MRS. HICKS (relating burglar scare)—"Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there under the bed I saw a man's legs."

MRS. WICKS—"Mercy! The burglar's?"
MRS. HICKS—"No, my husband's—he had heard the noise, too."—*Boston Transcript.*

Nothing to Boast of.—In ante-bellum days Col. Moore of Kentucky owned a large number of negroes. He was a kind master and never punished his negroes with the whip. One day one of the field hands named "Jupe" was guilty of some negligence and was sent to the woods at once to cut down and split up a black-gum tree, practically an impossible task. Jupe cut down the tree and labored hard to split the tough wood, but in vain. In the meantime a thunder-storm came up and Jupe sought refuge under a brush heap. Directly the lightning struck a large poplar near by, splitting it into kindling-wood. After the storm had passed, Jupe crawled out from his place of security and after taking a careful look at the remains of the poplar-tree, which were scattered all over the woods, said, "Mr. Lightning! I wish you had just tried yo' han' on dis black gum. Any blame fool can split a poplar!"—*Holland's Magazine.*

When Greeks Bring Gifts.—MISTRESS—"You know, Melinda, we're all very fond of you. I hope you like your room and are content with your wages. I'm thinking of giving you my silk petticoat."
Cook—"Foh de Lawd, Mis' Howard! How many folkses has you been done gone an' asked foh dinner?"—*Puck.*

Simple Faith.—"He says he kissed you last night against your will."
"I suppose he believes it, too."—*Houston Post.*

Lonesomeness.—MRS. KNICKER—"I suppose you've missed your husband terribly since he has been away."
MRS. BOCKER—"Oh, dreadfully! He makes such a splendid fourth at bridge."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Painless Punishment.—One day a dentist had occasion to punish his 5-year-old son for disobedience. As he picked up the rod the little fellow said: "Papa, won't you please give me gas first?"—*Chicago Daily News.*

As It Often Happens.—"We tried keeping an account of our expenditures, but after all it didn't give us a very clear idea of where the money went."
"Why not?"

"Both my wife and myself had too many items that we wanted listed as sundries."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Waiting at the Church.—A young man lived at some distance from his bride-elect. On the eventful day he set off for the station in good time, but, being delayed by friends, he missed his train. Then he bethought himself of the telegraph. "Don't marry till I come.—William!" was the message he wired.
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Poor Lion!—W. S. Gilbert was lunching once at a country hotel, when he found himself in company with three cycling clergymen, by whom he was drawn into conversation. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such a grave and reverend company." "I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Appropriate Prize.—MILLY—"Kitty got the prize for a dinner at our cooking-class."

TILLY—"How proud she must be! What is it?"
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"How does he propose to arrange it?"
"Two commas to a scene, and intermissions at the semicolons."—*Kansas City Journal*.

The Philosopher.—A laborer had worked hard all day putting in several tons of coal. For his day's hard work he received \$2. His way home led him by the open door of a saloon. Inside he heard the magic rattle of the dice. A crap game was in progress.

Getting hold of the bones, the laborer placed a dollar on the table and "rolled." He lost. He wagered another dollar, with the same result. Getting up from the table, he said:

"Well, easy come, easy go."—*Newark Star*.

The Survival of the Unfittest

When Henry Hudson came ashore Thundrous was the mighty roar. He looked about him in a daze To note the change in men and ways. He looked about him in wild surprise— And recognition cheered his eyes. "I see," he cried, without regret, "Your old horse cars are running yet."

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The Family Forecaster.—WIFE—"I'm going into town to-day, my dear, to my bootmaker's, milliner's, and dressmaker's. What does the paper say about the weather?"

HUSBAND—"Rain, hail, and thunder-storms."—*Bon Vivant*.

No Place For It.—"I wish I had an idea for a poem."

"What do you want to put an idea into a poem for?"—*Kansas City Journal*.

The Retort Unconscious.—MAGISTRATE (discharging prisoner)—"Now, then, I would advise you to keep away from bad company."

PRISONER (feelingly)—"Thank you, sir. You won't see me here again."—*Lippincott's*.

"It's an Ill Wind."—"Some time ago there was a flood in British Columbia. An old fellow who had lost nearly everything he possessed was sitting on the roof of his house as it floated along when a boat approached.

"Hello, John!"

"Hello, Dave!"

"Are your fowls all washed away, John?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim," replied the old man.

"Apple-trees gone?"

"Well, they said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the flood's away above your window."

"That's all right, Dave. Them winders needed washin', anyhow."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

October 5.—Rev. W. H. Sheppard, the American missionary, is acquitted at Leopoldville, Belgian Congo, in a libel suit brought against him by the Kasai Rubber Company.

Chang Chih Fung, Grand Councilor of China, dies at Peking.

October 6.—The balloon race for the Gordon Bennett Cup, which started from Zurich on October 3, is won by Edgar W. Mix, the only American entrant, who lands in Poland after covering 695 miles.

Domestic

October 1.—Dr. James B. Angell retires from the presidency of the University of Michigan.

Wilbur Wright flies in his aeroplane over the Hudson River from Governor's Island to Grant's tomb and return, a distance of nineteen miles.

October 6.—A mass meeting in Cooper Union nominates William R. Hearst for Mayor of New York City.

Abbott Lawrence Lowell is inaugurated president of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.



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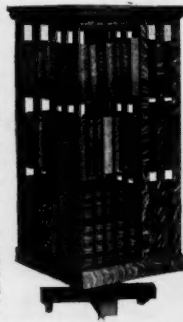
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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Inquirers desiring prompt answers will be accommodated on prepaying postage.

"Subscriber," Lynchburg, Va.—"Kindly give the etymology, meaning, and propriety of the use of 'chortled' and 'limerick.'"

The word *chortle* is to be found in the **STANDARD DICTIONARY**, where it is referred to under the definition for *nonsense verses*, and it is also defined on page 2118. It is a telescope word, made from "chuckle" and "snort," and was first used by Lewis Carroll in his verses in "Through the Looking-glass." As it is a coined word it has no etymology, and has no real literary standing, altho it can be used in a humorous connection.

"Limerick" is a term applied to a variety of nonsense verses, said to have originated from a custom once in vogue at convivial parties, of compelling each person present to extemporize a nonsense verse to which a chorus containing the words "Will you come up to Limerick?" was added. A particular style of meter and rhyme distinguishes the limerick.

"G. E. K.," Cripple Creek, Colo.—"Please give the correct pronunciation of the name 'Staël-Holstein.'"

The pronunciation of this proper name is to be found in all later editions of the **STANDARD DICTIONARY**, and is *stal'-hol'-stain* (a as in arm, o as in not, ai as in aisle) or (French) *sta-el-ol'-sten* (ê as in they).

"I. H.," Washington, Ind.—"Please advise me in regard to the use of the word *raise* in the following sentences: 'The recent raise of telephone rates,' etc., and 'The telephone rates were raised.'"

The word "raise" as a noun has, among its many other meanings, "the act of raising in any sense." According to this "The recent raise of telephone rates" is permissible, tho, if the word "increase" were used, the sentence would be less ambiguous.

In the second sentence "raise" is correctly used as a verb, and in this instance shows the passive voice of a transitive verb.

"L. W. B.," Uniontown, Pa.—"Is it correct to say, 'You used to have this room altogether,' meaning that at one time 'this room' comprised the extent of your office space?"

In this sentence the word "altogether" is not correctly used, as it does not properly express the idea intended to be conveyed; and in the second place, *altogether* is an adverb, but in the sentence you cite there is nothing which it can modify. The idea could be better expressed as follows: "This room was at one time the extent of your office space," or some such similar construction.

"F. C.," New York City.—"In writing a letter to a company and wishing it to come into the hands of a certain member of the firm, will you kindly tell me where his name is written in the salutation?"

If you desire to personally address a member of a firm, the following form could be used in the salutation:

Mr. John Blank, Secretary,
Home Building Co., New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

The envelop might be addressed in the form of the salutation, or to the company itself, with "Mr. John Blank, Secretary," in the lower left-hand corner.

"W. B. W.," Oberlin, La.—The expression "all told" is a correct one, meaning "in all, wholly, the entire number or sum," and can be properly used in the sentence, "We are to remit you only about \$300, all told." The sentence could be otherwise stated as follows: "We are to remit you only about \$300, this being the entire sum"; or, "We are to remit you only about \$300 in all."

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